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The Week

THE recent Eucharistic Congress in Chicago provided an impressive demonstration of the grip which the Church has upon the allegiance of American Catholics. It has provoked an amount of popular interest and newspaper publicity which, so far as we can recall, is without precedent in the annals of religious festivals in the United States. In fact, it is so unprecedented that it suggests the need of some explanation. Is it the result of a sudden revival of personal belief in the efficacy of the ancient and essential rite of the Catholic Church? Hardly that. The gathering in Chicago was a tribute to Catholicism in general rather than to the Eucharist in particular. It has been arranged and promoted by the Catholic hierarchy for a purpose. What that purpose is an outsider can only guess. If we do not guess right, we can always guess again.

IS IT a sign that the Catholic Church proposes hereafter to conduct a more vigorous propaganda than it has in the past for an increase of influence and membership in this country? Probably it is. A steadily increasing proportion of the American people are becoming Catholics. American Protestantism is losing ground as a consequence of the economic decline of the American village community, of the growth of the cities with their large share of recently imported inhabitants, of its lack of central organization in a society in which organization counts for so much, of the lessened authority of the Puritan moral code and of its increasing anarchy of fundamental belief. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, is united, vigilant, resourceful and certain both of its moral code and its creed. It is always able and willing to pick up the stragglers from the various Protestant sects and provide them with a shelter from hesitation, doubt, lack of guidance and general aimlessness and uncertainty. Its leaders may well be acting on the supposition that American susceptibility to propaganda, persistent pressure and organized direction offers them a rare opportunity of extending the influence of their Church and Faith.

SHOULD they cherish any such design, they will have to use the utmost circumspection and reticence in pursuing it. If it were frankly proclaimed or if the evidence of it became conspicuous, there would be a revival of anti-Catholic agitation in its most virulent form. Even the recent festival in Chicago, inoffensive and non-controversial as it apparently was, will arouse the suspicions and increase the activities of the enemies of the Church. In spite, however, of the violence and the volume of anti-Catholic feeling, Catholicism occupies for the moment a strong strategic position, and is destined at least in the near future to grow in its influence on the life and thought of the American people. It is the consummate example of organized and ascertained religion in a society which is falling away from its cherished traditions of conduct and belief. During this period of transition it is bound to benefit from the disorganization of its competitors, and it is bound also to contrive and try out many ways of turning its opportunities to good account.

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AS THE battle of the franc lengthens out to the war of the franc, the chances of saving it through a non-partisan coalition ministry—a new "union sacrée"—do not appear bright. Herriot could not promise support from the left; Caillaux will not coöperate with Poincaré; Briand is having difficulty in effecting a dependable combination of the right and centre; Poincaré, though willing to join a Briand ministry, hesitates to assume responsibility for the finance portfolio. It is reported that Poincaré's hesitation is due to two considerations—an examination of the Treasury accounts which has convinced him that further borrowings from the Bank of France and hence further inflation are inevitable, and an unwillingness to sanction the debt agreement with the United States. If the franc is doomed, it would indeed have been poetic justice for Poincaré, who is more than anyone else responsible for its start downward, to accept the responsibility for its final plunge. But apparently he is too clever for that. And many of his strongest supporters are urging him to keep aloof. At this moment the franc presents the appearance of a very hot chestnut—nobody is eager to pull it out of the fire.

IT MUST not be overlooked that not everybody in France is whole-heartedly anxious to save the franc—or at least to save it at the cost of any considerable sacrifice. In order to understand this it is only necessary to remember who loses and who gains by inflation. Bondholders, mortgage holders, salaried employes, wage-earners—all those with fixed or comparatively fixed incomes—lose as inflation proceeds and the value of money declines. But those who actually own productive enterprises and receive the profits gain. They gain temporary profits during the progress of inflation. If deflation is to follow inflation these profits vanish and hard times succeed good ones for the profiteers; but if deflation never comes, if the value of the existing currency drops to zero and a new one is substituted, the inflationary profits do not vanish. Rather are all the long-term debts—the bonds and mortgages—of industrial enterprises automatically canceled, and the owners gain title to a much larger share of the earnings than before, because the interest charges are eliminated. Since heavy industry, with which Poincaré is closely associated, stands in this position, all its activities in relation to the franc are suspect. Poincaré in addition to not wanting to assume public responsibility for a further drop of the franc, may also not be willing to prevent it if he could.

OTHERS who may not be genuinely solicitous for the franc are internal enemies of the Republic who have no chance except to fish in troubled waters. The Communists have no stake in protecting government bond-holders, nor are they concerned with making the army, public employes and wage-earners more rather than less satisfied under the present system. On the right there are Fascist elements who know that extreme financial difficulties of the government, which a representative régime has been incapable of handling, furnish the best possible opportunity for a capitalist dictatorship supported by the middle classes. There are also the perennial royalists, merging at points with the Fascists. All would agree that there could be no greater danger to the Republic than a collapse of the franc. On this as well as on other accounts Briand is entitled to full sympathy in his efforts to find a solution of the problem, valid both in economics and politics. In the event of his failure there is a last hope in Caillaux, who thinks he knows what must be done, and will not again enter any ministry except as Premier and Finance Minister. If it would have exemplified poetic justice for Poincaré to assume final and public responsibility for the franc's débâcle, it would be equally just for Caillaux, his ancient opponent in the disastrous foreign policy which created the danger to the franc, to achieve personal credit for saving the currency and the Republic.

THE long effort of the United States to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute has ended in failure. For many months it has been apparent that the American-controlled plebiscite, even if it could be held, would not be accepted as final. Chile has now formally rejected the American mediation, and the plebiscite commission has come to an end. While the situation remains extremely tense, war between Chile and Peru is at least no more likely than before, and there is some hope that a compromise may be effected as a result of direct negotiations. The most sensible solution, but one which does not seem likely to be adopted, would be to cede the disputed territory to Bolivia, which needs an outlet to the sea. The prestige of the United States in South America, already in a badly battered condition, has received another blow; but we may console ourselves with the reflection that things might have been worse, if war had actually broken out while our mediation commission was in control, as for some time seemed probable. This country has learned once more the perennial lesson, that the way of the peacemaker is hard.

THE failure in Germany to carry by plebiscite the measure for the confiscation of the property of the former ruling houses was occasioned by abstention from the polls of the opponents of the measure. Only some 500,000 votes were cast against it, and these added to nearly 15,000,000 votes in its favor fell short of the two-thirds of the total number of voters necessary to make the election valid. One hardly knows at which to wonder most, the tremendous demonstration of intransigent republicanism on the part of the left, or the political discipline of the right. It is possible that from an opportunist

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point of view Germany has made the better choice. Confiscation would have intensified the bitterness between left and right, and deprived the nation of the unifying personality of Hindenburg as its head. The repudiation of property rights would have had a certain repercussion in the capitalist countries through whose aid Germany is reconstructing her economic life. Perhaps the price of guaranteeing to private holders this immense wealth which came to them from their subjects is one which Germany can afford to pay. It is nevertheless clear that in so deciding the state accepts a new responsibility toward the classes in whose favor the expropriation was proposed, i. e., the unemployed, the victims of the War, the agricultural laborers. If the middle classes wish to favor their old rulers or maintain intact the status of private wealth it should not be at the expense of the workers who make that wealth possible. Better that the Hohenzollerns should fare meagrely than that the many should starve.

OUR hearty congratulations are hereby extended to Carl C. Magee, famous Albuquerque, N. M., editor, who has just been acquitted on a charge of manslaughter. Magee, as our readers will remember, has for years waged a fight for honest government in New Mexico against a political machine unusually powerful and unscrupulous even in a part of the country where politics has only too often been corrupt. In particular, he stood out for freedom of speech, even after being fined heavily and sent to jail for "contempt of court," the trial being conducted, with numerous irregularities, by the very judge whom Magee was accused of criticizing. The manslaughter case grew out of a personal encounter between Magee and this judge, one David J. Leahy, now retired from the bench by urgent request of the voters. Leahy, meeting Magee in a hotel lobby some months ago, assaulted him. The editor, taken by surprise, was knocked down, the ex-judge continuing to kick and beat him on the floor. Magee drew a revolver and fired, hitting and killing a bystander. The affair was deplorable and Magee should, no doubt, be censured for sullying his cause by an appeal to arms. However, it should be added that he had long and with good reason believed his life to be in danger from his enemies; that he clearly shot only in self-defense after being assaulted by Leahy, and that the death of the bystander was pure accident. It is to be hoped that the tragic incident may have the result of making New Mexico politics a little cleaner—at least temporarily.

IN President Coolidge's budget message we find both sound and false logic. It is well that so large a surplus is now at hand, and that it will be used to reduce the national debt. It is wise to underestimate rather than overestimate future surpluses. We agree that there is danger of a deficit in 1928, since the large Treasury receipts at present arise to so great a degree from the payment of back taxes under the old rates, and the full effect of the recent tax reduction, under depression as well as under prosperity, is not yet apparent. But if these things are true Mr. Coolidge is surely not warranted in asserting that the present situation proves his and Secretary Mellon's contention that lower tax rates necessarily bring larger yields. Nor does it follow that it is wise to attempt further "economy" by reducing the number of civil service employes—and presumably by declining to grant well merited increases in pay. The lesson is rather, in our opinion, that the recent tax reduction went too far and that it may be necessary to raise taxes again in the higher brackets. We regret, too, that the President has attempted to pass the buck to the states and local governments by switching to them the demand for further tax reductions. For reasons previously explained in our columns, there is little chance of reducing state and local taxes without crippling necessary or desirable public services.

THE House of Representatives has passed a bill providing that during the continuance of the American occupation a Congressional committee shall visit the Philippines every two years and investigate conditions there. Ordinarily, the New Republic is inclined to look with a somewhat jaundiced eye upon proposals for junkets of this sort; but in the present case we believe the suggestion is admirable. At present there are only two sources from which the American people may learn what is going on in the Philippines. The first is the official reports of the American Governor-General, which naturally depict everything in the rosiest possible hues. The second is the very occasional statements of Filipino agitators working for independence. While we sympathize with their desires, we are forced to recognize that they, too, have a propaganda purpose to fulfill, and are likely to paint a picture which makes a case, instead of conveying the whole truth. If the measure passed by the House should become a law, it is reasonable to expect that any Congressional committee which visits the Philippines will turn in a majority report whitewashing the American occupation. However, there will also be an opportunity for a minority report; Filipinos with a grievance can give testimony which will become a part of the official record; and successive groups of our legislators will get an education in "colonial" administration which ought to prove useful.

THE case of Sacco and Vanzetti is still in abeyance. It is understood that a confession has been obtained which exculpates the two radicals. As the confessor is an Italian, and moreover under sentence of death for another crime, his word will doubtless carry little weight in Massachusetts. The testimony of some twenty persons to the effect that Vanzetti had sold them fish in Plymouth on the afternoon of his

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alleged crime, was disregarded by the jury on the ground that they were Italians, as was that of the Italian consul in Boston, who deposed that Sacco was in his office seeking a passport on the afternoon in question. Judge Thayer has, however, granted a stay before pronouncing sentence; and the defense is seeking corroborative evidence to substantiate the confession which if verified will set these long-suffering prisoners free.

SERVICES in honor of deceased members of the United States are not uncommon, and are frequently of a rather perfunctory character. The memorial meeting last week in honor of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette was notable for the genuineness of the eulogies delivered by those colleagues who had had best opportunity to judge his character and attainments, in fair weather and in foul. We wonder what were the thoughts of the present Senator Robert LaFollette as he occupied the chair at this session and heard the unanimous verdict that his father was such a man as is produced in American public life only very rarely. We wonder whether his thoughts turned back to the war days when it took a man of exceptional courage to proclaim Robert LaFollette, Sr., as his friend, the days when there was a tacit conspiracy of silence against him on the part of almost the whole country's newspapers, a conspiracy broken only rarely and only to abuse him. Truly, the present Senator must have reflected, time brings its revenges—in this case no less ironic than pleasant.

GREAT changes took place in the distribution of population in the United States between 1910 and 1920. Some districts gained enormously, others lost. Yet seats in Congress continue to be apportioned on a basis of the 1910 election, in defiance of the law and the facts, and the Washington correspondents conceded last week that there is no chance of remedying the situation before the present session comes to an end. The reason for this is plain. The reapportionment which should have taken place as soon as possible after the census of 1920 is delayed because it is blocked by Congressmen from those states which declined in population during the decade referred to. This is a "rotten borough" system with a vengeance. One result is that there is actually some question as to the validity of legislation passed by the existing Congress, since it should have been reapportioned and has not been. Rarely has the well known lust for power of the legislator been more strikingly—or more reprehensibly—exhibited.

CONGRESSMAN Fiorella La Guardia of New York has contributed his bit to the gaiety of the nation, if not to the solution of the prohibition question. Before a dry-lipped crowd of newspaper reporters and movie cameramen the other day he produced what he described as perfectly legal beer, of almost 4 percent alcoholic content, by mixing two parts of malt tonic, the manufacture of which was recently authorized, with one part of near beer. An expert brewmaster tasted the compound, after it had been stirred with a lead pencil, and pronounced it delicious. If he was not merely carried away by momentary enthusiasm, here is first aid to the thirsty more useful even than Jim Reed's famous description of the homemade still. We predict a rush on the drugstores by robust gentlemen doing their best to look anæmic, and a considerable degree of agitation on the part of the drys.

WE question whether Mr. La Guardia is correct when he describes his new drink as perfectly legal. We are even sceptical about the suggestion of the New York World that instead of pouring the extract and the near beer into a glass, thus producing an intoxicating beverage, the experimenter should use two straws simultaneously and do the mixing in his mouth. The question of legality is of less practical importance than is the matter of potability. Even if the concoction should prove all that Mr. La Guardia's fancy paints it, we doubt whether the prohibitionists will attempt to rescind the right to manufacture the tonic. Long ago they decided to let the farmer manufacture undisturbed his homemade cider and wine, much, though not all, of which is only mildly intoxicating. They sensibly recognized that they cannot possibly stop him. The leaders of the drys are wise enough to know that whiskey, gin and other beverages of high alcoholic content are their real foe. Actually, if not in theory, they will concentrate their attack upon these.

THE appeal of the Sultan Pasha Attrache, Commander-in-Chief of the Druse armies, to the American people through the Associated Press rings out with pathetic dignity amid the prevarications of de Jouvenel and the feeble apologetics of the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations. The Sultan protests agains the propaganda to which the press has lent itself. "We beg to state that we have heard that some newspapers in the hire of our enemies are fabricating groundless news about our Syrian national revolution . . . Our revolt is the result of atrocities committed by French colonizing agents who have violated the sacred rights of our country." He calls attention to the detestable behavior of the French in arming the Syrian Christians against their countrymen. "We are innocent of the Christian blood that has been shed, because we did not attack the Christians, but they have been killed, figuratively speaking, by the very arms they received from the French government and with which they have killed their brethren who have risen to liberate the country in which we all live."

FRANCE is fighting her selfish battle for prestige in Syria not only by the arms of native Christians,

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but also by those of her other wards, from Africa, who are led to die in a criminal enterprise not of their choosing. However the League of Nations may condone this practice it is one which strikes all people of decent feeling with disgust. It puts the seal of truth upon the Sultan's next words: "Therefore, we pray you to take note and inform your countrymen and all those Christians and others who hear your great voice that their good is our good, their misfortunes our misfortunes." There was a time in the history of our republic when this plea would have been heard with sympathy. Today it will go unheeded.

BY attacking the validity of the oil cracking patents, which enable gasoline to be more efficiently extracted from crude oil than by the old methods, the federal government is indirectly helping to eliminate waste in oil refining and, if it succeeds, may exert a tendency to lower prices. There are still numerous independent refineries which, because they cannot lease the right to use the cracking process, are wasting oil products and increasing the cost of recovery; if the patents were invalidated and the process made free to all this waste might be eliminated and potential competition with the Standard and other large concerns might reduce prices. At the same time the resolution to investigate gasoline prices is very much in order. President Coolidge, while approving the resolution, says he does not believe it will be effective. Nevertheless it is well established that control of gasoline marketing by a few large concerns often leads to higher prices than conditions of demand and supply or necessity for a reasonable profit would warrant. South Dakota not so long ago brought about a considerable decrease in the retail price of gasoline by entering the distribution business. While monopoly is in many ways more efficient than unrestrained competition, it needs to be constantly checked if the consumer is to obtain the full benefit of the savings which it makes possible.

The Pennsylvania Idea

THE Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, who is generally acclaimed as the representative leader of the existing business man's government of the United States, has recently issued two public statements which, although they dealt with apparently disconnected topics, were illustrations of a single and a significant state of mind. In one of the statements he expressed a pained surprise that anybody should object to the expenditure of a million and a half dollars in the attempt to nominate Senator Pepper as Republican candidate for Senator in Pennsylvania. A day later he attacked the Haugen bill because it tended to increase the domestic level of prices for certain agricultural products and deprive the American consumer of the opportunity of buying them as cheaply as foreigners could. The interesting common aspect of these two statements was their mixture of blindness and conviction. Any well informed politician would have recognized that a multi-millionaire who professes to see nothing objectionable in spending millions of dollars on a minor election in one state was neglecting to watch his step. Any well informed economist would have recognized that a manufacturer who had in part acquired his own fortune by selling products to American consumers at price levels which were artificially increased by the aid of the government might well feel uneasy about preventing millions of his farming fellow-citizens from enjoying the same privilege. But Mr. Mellon is innocently unashamed. That good Republican capitalists should spend their money in buying political protection for their own profitable privileges is, as he sees it, part of an inevitable and a consummate political and social order.

It is the innocence and the certainty of such convictions which crown Mr. Mellon as the admired leader of the dominant class in the Rotarian American civilization of today. He himself has accumulated in one lifetime a huge fortune by his own efforts. Thus he has actually achieved the darling ambition of American business men. His huge fortune has brought with it, as the gift of its essential virtue, political leadership and vast public administrative responsibility. He has himself never sought popularity and power by the practice of the political arts. Ex-President Harding considered that the possession of $100,000,000, combined with a reputation for integrity and sagacity, was a sufficient reason for appointing Mr. Mellon Secretary of the Treasury. It was a matter of richesse oblige. The golden duke has fulfilled his political progenitor's wildest expectations. He has managed without the sacrifice of personal simplicity and dignity and without the slightest claptrap or concealment to remove the remaining obstacles which prevented the United States from being a paradise for the money-maker and the millionaire, and his success in carrying on this work has to a unique extent won for him the confidence of the business men of the country and of its most important newspapers. He has every reason, consequently, to feel that he does not have to apologize for the lavish use of money in politics or for denying to the farmer privileges from which he and his fellow-manufacturers have profited. This is a business man's country. His economists and lawyers can urge reasons, connected with the essential nature of American social order, for converting politics into the accomplice of business.

There are many associates of Mr. Mellon in the Republican party and in the Chambers of Commerce who do not believe as innocently and absolutely as he does in the divine right of business to dictate the ways of American government. Professional politicians are, of course, necessarily cynical. They handle the money with which the Mel-

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lons and the Grundys buy elections. They know what it actually costs in corruption, in insincere propaganda, in political manipulation and in economic pressure to keep the United States a business man's paradise. They are sometimes amazed and disturbed at Mr. Mellon's frankness; they do not understand how he gets away with it. But he is strong and successful partly because he is innocent and sincere. It is part of his conviction that he represents the most positive and vital force in contemporary American life and he is justified in this faith. The average American voter of today is either dominated by personal interest or fooled by propaganda or betrayed by political cynicism. Many of them have in the past yielded to spasms of progressivism and reform and they have been disappointed in the result. They revenge themselves either by voting as regulars with or without conviction or they stay away from the polls. In either event they provide the agitators who do not wish the United States to remain the paradise for millionaire business men with a poor soil in which to cultivate disinterested opposition to Mellonism.

We are, consequently, doubtful whether either the Democrats or the progressives will derive permanent benefit from the current electoral scandals. The Republicans will not, of course, do very well in the fall elections, but their defeat will not imply any real loosening of the hold which Mr. Mellon and his associates have upon the government of the United States. Nor will it mean that the Pennsylvania exposure has provoked an effective popular revolt against that kind of thing. It will illustrate merely the rhythm of party success and failure. The Republican defeat will be followed by a swing the other way in 1928. So far as we can see the political conscience of the American people is for the moment prepared to acquiesce in the reign of Mr. Mellon and all that he represents. Nothing has happened to shake his belief that it is the destiny and the mission of the United States to become more than ever the millionaire business man's paradise. The church-going voters doubtless prefer that the Republican party should continue to rule without the purchase of votes, but if Andrew Mellon, Calvin Coolidge, Charles Evans Hughes, Herbert Hoover, Nicholas Murray Butler and the other Republican philosophers and moralists stand for it, why should an insignificant citizen protest? No: the effect of the Pennsylvania exposures will be to increase the prestige and the respectability of the Pennsylvania system in American politics. It is being raised to the dignity of an idea. Some years ago during the years of the progressive agitation, Wisconsin typified the kind of politics which the aggressive impulse in American politics most admired and wished to promote. Reformers wrote books about the Wisconsin Idea. Since the War Pennsylvania has taken Wisconsin's place. It has become the perfect example of the kind of commonwealth which the Coolidge-Mellon subordination of politics to business strives and tends to produce.

Its guiding principle is easily stated. Anything which law and its administration do to stimulate or expand industrial production is good government and everything which they do to embarrass industrial production is bad government. The American commonwealth consists essentially of an economic machine which is steadily grinding out the finished product of human satisfaction. This machine should not be disturbed. The only source from which disturbance can come is politics. In a democracy there is always a chance that an adverse majority of the voters may throw a wrench into the smooth and well oiled operation of the machine. As long as adult suffrage prevails this danger cannot be entirely eliminated, but it can be minimized by subsidizing party politics and by supplying the professional politicians whose business it is to buy votes with all the money they need. The respectable and personally incorruptible voters acquiesce in this system because they are so well satisfied with results. Such is the Pennsylvania system. Doubtless it cannot be transferred in all its details to other states, but it offers an ideal which can be propagated and towards which the branches of the business man's government in other states can strive.

It will, of course, eventually break down, but it will break down as a consequence of its own weakness rather than by virtue of any organized disinterested opposition. Its weakness consists in its inability to correct its defects. It is as a matter of fact incapable of reforming itself even in those minor ways which its own apologists may admit to be desirable. The work of reform requires a psychology and technique which our rulers are unable to develop. It demands disinterested conscious effort, the voluntary subordination of temporary, personal and class interests to the greater welfare of a larger fraction of the community, and leadership by restless and eager pioneers. The Pennsylvania system excludes leaders of this kind. It is the organization of selfish and profitable inertia. It rests on the moral glorification of self and national satisfaction. It is so completely committed to letting things alone that it cannot do much even to improve the ability of its own machinery to grind out its desired and intended social benefits. Politically and morally it is living on an inherited capital which it is steadily dissipating and inflating and which it has neither the guts nor the spirit to renew.

The perfect illustration of the impotence of the business man's government to deal with a national as contrasted with its own class economic interest is provided by its futile efforts to appease agrarian discontent. The Republican party possesses persuasive motives for legislating in favor of agricultural prosperity. Its domination since the Civil War has been based on an alliance between the western grain-producing states and the protected industries of the East and Middle West. Its leaders would

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have liked to maintain this alliance, but they are literally unable to make the necessary sacrifices. The existing price level discriminates in favor of industry and against the farmer. The farmer also seeks to have the price of his products artificially raised, but the business leaders like Mr. Mellon will not consent. If they concede to the farmer what he wants, they must sacrifice some of their existing advantage, and this they can give sound economic reasons for refusing to do. Neither, however, can they offer to the farmer any adequate substitute, and they are about ready to abandon the alliance and to accept the ensuing political loss. Either they really believe that the discontent is fugitive and that they can fool the farmer in 1928 and 1932 as they did in 1924, or else they feel strong enough to get along without him. The result may justify their political sagacity, but the abandonment of the farmers to their fate is a sufficient proof that the business man's government is intended for the benefit of business men only. Other classes may incidentally benefit as the farmers have benefited at times or as to a certain extent the wage-earners now do, but the benefit is accidental. When it can be continued only by a sacrifice of the business man's profits and opportunities, there is nothing doing. If a subversive political agitation follows, the Pennsylvania system can be used to keep the voters in line and to reconcile most of the good citizens of the country to the necessary purchase of votes. The Pennsylvania Idea is capable of many new applications and developments and will be more than ever necessary whenever the business man's government begins to wane in popularity. If the carrying of a primary in one state is worth $3,000,000, how much would it be worth to elect a safe President against a radical and popular adversary?

The Russian Giant Stirs

IT used to be said that the only persons who would benefit by the resumption of diplomatic relations between the United States and Russia would be profiteering American capitalists looking for rich concessions. American trade with Russia had been before the War and was still negligible. The attitude of the American Department of State in refusing to deal with Russia until she recognized the validity of loans extended to the Kerensky government and the amounts due American investors whose property in Russia had been confiscated was therefore of little practical concern.

The Foreign Policy Association, however, has just issued an extremely valuable compendium of facts and figures, entitled State Capitalism in Russia, by Mr. Savel Zimand, which indicates that this is not the case. American trade with Russia, in the absence of any commercial attachés, consular service or trade treaties, is now in money value twice as large as before the War. In the last year our exports to Russia have doubled. We sent to Russia during the twelve months ending September 30, 1925, $96,949,800 worth of goods and received from her $10,902,000 worth. Cotton, industrial and agricultural machinery, motor cars and trucks, metals, typewriters and office supplies were among her most important demands. Among the 37 principal countries listed by the Department of Commerce as consuming our exports, Russia now stands sixteenth. This is exclusive of indirect trade through Germany, England or other intermediaries. Although before the War Germany was the chief trader with Russia, the United States now leads the list.

If diplomatic relations are of any value whatever to trade, these facts alone ought to be enough to give us pause. But more than this is involved. There are few regions of the world richer in natural resources and capable of larger development than the territory now governed by the Soviets. If our trade with this territory is now important, our possible future trade with it is trebly important. It is useless to say that under the present régime these resources can never be exploited, for under this régime, confused and inefficient as it has been, a startling recovery has already occurred. From 1917 to 1921 the collapse of Russian foreign trade which had begun with the War reached its lowest point. Since then it has revived. Imports, which in 1922-23 were valued at $187,400,000 grew to $718,800,000 in 1924-25, and exports, which were $210,600,000, expanded to $567,600,000. This is not, to be sure, an indication of the rapidity of growth which we may expect in the future, but it is an indication that growth of trade with Soviet Russia is possible.

Investigation of the four official or semi-official Russian trade agencies in the United States reveals why this is so. They are responsible and recognized concerns. The testimony of reliable business men who have dealt with them is that little difficulty is experienced with credit or collections. Though the foreign trade of Russia is still in name a government monopoly, a decentralizing process has been going on such that there is little bureaucratic hindrance to the actual transaction of business.

It may be regarded as a happy paradox that the United States, which alone among important nations has not recognized Russia, should now be the chief of her trade neighbors. While the ladies of the house pass in the street without nodding, the cooks exchange provisions at the back door. If so much progress can be achieved without diplomatic formalities why bother about them at all? If the editors of the late lamented Freeman were commenting on this situation they would doubtless seize the occasion for a general polemic on the uselessness and irrelevance of government. Yet, for good or evil, governments still exercise influence over eco-

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nomic matters, and there is a special reason in this case why recognition is important.

Russia's foreign trade cannot keep on expanding unless her internal production also increases. The latter has, in fact, been growing rapidly since the disastrous year of 1921—Stalin estimates present industrial production at about 70 percent of the pre-war level, and several times as large as five years ago. From bitter experience the Russian communists have learned that their theories cannot suddenly be applied in pristine purity by decrees from Moscow, and gradual concessions to capitalism have resulted in a recovering industry. State barter and forced requisitions have given way to a money economy; industries now buy and sell their goods instead of attempting to exchange them through the government; the wage system and payment by results operate in the factories; there are a gold standard, banking and a budget system; the screws have been taken off the coöperatives; wholesale and retail trade is largely in private hands. A policy of decentralization has been applied to the governmental supervision of economic life. It is true that the government still holds title to most of the important productive enterprises and attempts to coördinate the economic activities of the nation. Though what is going on in Russia is not capitalism as we know it, governed almost solely by private enterprise, Lenin's term of state capitalism would seem to fit it pretty well.

Yet Russia is approaching the limit of possible expansion with her present industrial equipment. The recovery of production which has so far taken place is largely a recovery toward normal of an industry which had consumed most of its working capital and destroyed the effectiveness of its personnel. Like all countries young in industrial development Russia for further rapid expansion needs equipment and supplies from abroad, and cannot yet pay cash for them by means of her exports. In other words, she needs credit as the United States needed credit up to the present century. Yet she cannot get credit from the one prolific source of capital—the United States—until the United States government gives her the apostolic blessing which comes only to those who pay (or promise to pay) their debts. The Department of State recently even disapproved an arrangement by which credit would be extended to German houses in order to finance trade with Russia. Without foreign credit the growth of Russian industry will slow down or stop, and as it slows down the growth of our trade with her will slow down also. If eventually Russia succeeds in raising in Germany or Britain the loans which we deny her, our preferred position in her trade will be lost, probably for good.

It is curious that in a sense our post-war relations with a supposedly communist Russia take on the same aspect as our relations with capitalist Germany, France and Italy. In each case the nub of the situation is the need of the nation in question for new loans, combined with the resolution of our government that new loans shall not be forthcoming until the foreign government promises to pay debts contracted during or after the War. Germany and Italy, knowing that they cannot pay in full, have yet agreed to our conditions in order to secure the money. France seems about to do so. Russia, on account of her immense foreign borrowings, is in no better position to pay old debts than any of her neighbors, and could well plead incapacity. Yet because she refuses on principle rather than giving a disingenuous assent, negotiations with her have not even been begun.

Would it be wise, however, to ignore the old score in order to extend new credits to Russia? The New Republic has at times questioned the wisdom of doing so in the case of the western European nations, because of doubts as to whether a sufficiently expanded production would follow. Italy, for instance, has not the natural resources on which to base a greatly enlarged utilization of foreign capital. In the case of Russia such doubts cannot exist. No nation in the world has greater possibilities of future development. She is potentially a rich and actually an uncrowded country. The whole question concerns the "moral" risk. Can the Soviet government or its successors be trusted to carry out their contracts? Perhaps not. But in this risk Russia is not alone. And in the essentials, if not in the trappings, of economic honesty Russia seems further advanced than many of our other debtors. She really tries to balance her budget. She acknowledges freely the influence of the foreign trade balance on her financial problems, and actually takes steps to control it. Blundering and dogmatic as many of her rulers are, she is really trying to see her economic life steadily and to see it whole. She has already shown an adaptability to conditions which controvert her beliefs superior to that of many of her equally dogmatic individualist contemporaries. Is it not at least as wise to take a chance on state capitalism in Russia as on the sort of capitalism which seems so precarious in western Europe?

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The All-Star Literary Vaudeville

THE writer of this article is a journalist whose professional activities have been chiefly concerned with the American literary movement of the last fifteen years. He has written reviews of the productions of that movement and worked on magazines which were identified with it; he has lived constantly in its atmosphere. And he feels sympathy with all its manifestations, even with those of which, artistically, he disapproves. It is to him a source of deep gratification that literature has been "sold" to the American public and, on principle, in the face of alien attack, he will stand by even the least intelligent, the least disinterested, of its salesmen: he has served in that army himself. But it has recently occurred to him that, to consult frankly his own taste, he really feels only the mildest interest in the contemporary literary goods which now find so wide a market, and that he is disaffected to the point of disgust by the publicity service which has grown up in connection with them. He has come to realize that it is scarcely possible nowadays to tell the reviews from the advertising: both tend to convey the impression that masterpieces are being manufactured as regularly and as durably as new models of motor-cars. In the early days of the present era, the reviews of Mencken, Hackett, Dell and Untermeyer set an example of honesty and boldness. Today, these critics, having got the kind of literature they want, are apparently perfectly content; and most of the reviews are written by people who have not attempted to go further. The present writers on American literature all have interests in one phase or another of it: either the authors know each other personally or they owe each other debts of gratitude or they are bound together by their loyalty to some common cause. And almost all forget critical standards in their devotion to the great common cause—the cause of an American national literature in independence of English literature, and of the contemporary American mind as against the mind of the last generation. Even Stuart P. Sherman, once so savage in the opposite camp, has become as benevolent as Carl Van Doren and now occupies what has perhaps become, from the popular point of view, the central desk of authority, to which each of the performers in the all-star circus, from Ben Hecht to Ring Lardner, steps up to receive his diploma. The present writer has, therefore, for his own satisfaction, for the appeasement of his own critical conscience, attempted to draw up a candid statement of his convictions in regard to his contemporaries, not merely in disparagement of those whom he thinks overrated but in justice to those whom he considers admirable. If he succeeds in irritating one editor or reviewer, in an atmosphere where now for some time complacency and moderation have prevailed, he will feel that he has not written in vain.

To begin with the contemporary American novel—which is commonly assumed to be our principal glory—I must confess that I cannot read our novelists. We compare our fiction to English fiction and conclude that we have been brilliantly successful in this field; but the truth is merely that the English novel is just now at a particularly low ebb. We have no novelist of the first importance, of the importance of James, Joyce or Proust; or of that of Balzac or Dostoyevsky. Dreiser rightly commands our respect; but he writes so badly that it is almost impossible to read him and, for this reason, I have difficulty in believing in his literary permanence. To follow the moral disintegration of Hurstwood is to suffer all the agonies of being out of work without being rewarded by the æsthetic pleasure which art is supposed to supply. Sinclair Lewis, with a vigorous satiric humor, has brought an indictment which has its local importance, but, when one has been through Main Street and Babbitt, amusing as they are, one does not feel any appetite to read any further novels of Lewis: they have beauty neither of style nor of form and they tell us nothing new about life. Joseph Hergesheimer, though he can tell a story, writes nearly as badly in a fancy way as Dreiser does in a crude one: the judgment of him that I most agree with is the remark attributed to Max Beerbohm, "Poor Mr. Hergesheimer, he wants so much to be an artist." Cabell, though a man of real parts, is, at his worst, a case of the same kind: Beyond Life I consider one of the most detestably written books I have ever read. Jurgen certainly had its merits: it was well planned and curiously successful in the artificial evocation of the atmosphere of primitive folk-lore. But, except at his moments of highest imaginative intensity, which are neither very frequent nor very intense, Cabell is intolerably insipid. His genealogies and maps of Poictesme bore me beyond description and the whole Poictesme business strikes me as the sort of thing with which ingenious literary schoolboys sometimes amuse themselves. I dislike also Cabell's southern sentimentality, which leaves him soft, when he thinks he is most cynical; and I always feel that, in the impression he gives of living and working in a vacuum, he furnishes a depressing illlustration of the decay of the South since the Civil War. Willa Cather is a good craftsman but she is usually dull. In spite of a few distinguished stories, she suffers from an anæmia of the imagination and, like that other rather distinguished novelist, Zona Gale, is given to terrible lapses into feminine melodrama. Waldo Frank writes in a never quite satisfactory style which combines Joyce with the Hebrew prophets. At his best,

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he touches tragedy and, at his worst, embraces melodrama. He possesses a real poetic sensibility and is refreshing in so far as his vision is different from that of anyone else; but, in his novels, where we hope to see him stage a drama, he is usually content to invoke an apocalypse. I consider Jean Toomer's Cane better in literary quality than Frank's Holiday. I feel more interest in Dos Passos and Fitzgerald than in any of the writers mentioned above: they are younger than the others and one does not feel that one knows so precisely what to expect of them. Dos Passos is ridden by adolescent resentments and seems rather given to documenting life from the outside instead of pursuing the authenticity of experience; but, though, like that other documentator Lewis, he is far too much given to making out systematic cases against society, he is a better artist than Lewis and has made steady progress in his art. Scott Fitzgerald, possessing from the first, not merely cleverness, but something of inspired imagination and poetic literary brilliance, has not till recently appeared to know precisely what he was about; but, with the The Great Gatsby and some of his recent short stories, he seems to be entering upon a development in the course of which he may come to equal in mastery of his material those novelists whom he began by surpassing by vividness in investing it with glamor. Besides these, there are the other fabricators of fantasy and the realists, satiric and plain; but the former, so far as I have read them, are either tawdry, like Ben Hecht, or awfully mild, like Carl Van Vechten; and the latter, though, both in novel and drama, they have learned to apply the formula of naturalism to almost every phase of American life and have, therefore, their local cultural importance, are otherwise especially uninteresting at a time when naturalism has run its course and is either being discarded or transformed everywhere except in America. And we have also had the Wellsian social novel, in various stages of mediocrity.

Sherwood Anderson is a different matter. In his novels, despite excellent pages, I become exasperated, before I have finished them, by the vagueness of the characters and the repetitiousness of the form. But his short stories and his symbolist prose poems have an artistic authenticity which neither Lewis's richer resources nor Miss Cather's technical study have been able to win for their possessors: without ever having learned the tricks of his trade, Anderson's artistic instinct in his best stories is almost perfect and the visions which fill his imagination have a freshness and a slightly discomfiting strangeness which seem be derived from some more intimate stratum of being than our novelists usually explore. He could stand, however, to learn something from the methods both of Miss Cather and of Lewis: too much of his material has evaporated in his hands from his not knowing how to deal with it. And, in general, I believe that the new American generation has so far perhaps most distinguished itself in the short story rather than in the novel. Sherwood Anderson's short stories, Ernest Hemingway's In Our Time and Gertrude Stein's early nouvelles, to which should be added the best of Ring Lardner, constitute a remarkably satisfactory group and one quite free from the outworn conventions and the suggestion of second-rate imitation which render many of the novels suspect. It is interesting to note that all four of these writers have certain characteristics in common, that they may be almost said to form a school: remote from one another as they seem, there is really more direct relation between them than may at first sight appear. Thus, Anderson has read Gertrude Stein and seems to have been deeply influenced by Three Lives; and Hemingway has evidently read and been influenced by all three of the others. Each of the four has developed what seems only a special branch of the same simple colloquial language based directly on the vocabulary and rhythm of ordinary American speech; and, if there can be said to be an American school of writing, aside from American journalese or from the mere use of American slang in otherwise conventional English prose, these writers would seem to represent it. It is a genre which has already produced one masterpiece in Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, a work to which Anderson, Lardner and Hemingway are all probably indebted.

As for the dramatists, there is still only O'Neill, who, for all his efforts to break away from naturalism, remains a typical naturalistic dramatist of something under the very first rank. He is a writer of the same school as Hauptmann, with very much the same kind of merits; but, where Hauptmann is as steady as Shakespeare, O'Neill is hysterically embittered. He forces his catastrophes and, at the same time, fails to prepare them; and, despite the magnificent eloquence of which he is capable, especially when handling some form of the vernacular, he has grave deficiencies of literary taste which allow him to leave great areas of his dialogue either crude or banal. John Lawson has a wit and a fancy which have found their proper vehicle in the theatre; but, even more than his ally, Dos Passos, he is given to adolescent grievances and enthusiasms.

We come now to literary criticism. In my opinion, H. L. Mencken (who is perhaps a prophet rather than a critic) is ordinarily underrated as a writer of English prose. Belonging himself to the line of Huxley and Carlyle rather than to that of Wilde and Pater, he cherishes a rustic reverence for this latter and is never tired of celebrating the elegances of such provincial pretenders to its prestige as Cabell, Hergesheimer and Lord Dunsany, who have announced their high calling, in, I think, Mr. Cabell's phrase, of "writing beautifully about beautiful things." But, though Mencken's style lends itself to excesses and vulgarities, especially in the hands of his imitators, who have taken over the Master's jargon without possessing his admirable

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literary sense, I believe that his prose is more successful in its way than that of these devotees of beauty is in theirs. Mencken's ideas are neither many nor subtle and, even in his most serious writings, even in The American Language, he overindulges an appetite for paradox; but he has succeeded in turning his ideas into literature: it is through the original color and rhythm of his prose that his opinions have become so infectious. He has now been saying the same things over and over again for a considerable period and I have become very tired of them. But I derive a certain literary satisfaction from even his editorials in the American Mercury. Consider the leaflet which he has recently circulated on the adventures of the American Mercury with the Boston Watch and Ward Society: this statement, of no literary pretensions, in which Mencken appears without war-paint or feathers, displays most attractive eighteenth century qualities of lucidity, order and force, for lack of which the youngest literary generation, who have thrown Mencken overboard, have so far proved rather ineffective. Another critic, much ridiculed by these latter, seems to me also an excellent writer. Though Paul Rosenfeld, too, is cursed with his jargon, which, in his case, tends to infect his prose through a weakness for writing French and German locutions in English, it is, none the less, precisely his command of a rich English vocabulary which is one of the things that makes him remarkable among American writers—who, in general, are handicapped by not having at their disposal a large enough variety of English words, or, if they have them, by not knowing what they mean. Rosenfeld, at his worst, is given to overwriting: receiving in his soul the seed of a work of art of some such tender plant as Sherwood Anderson, he will sometimes cause it to exfloreate into an enormous and rather rank Mystic Cabbage-Rose. On these occasions, his prose seems coarse in quality and his color muddy; but, at his best, his prose is certainly among our soundest and his colors both brilliant and true. He is intelligent, well educated and incorruptibly serious; and he is perhaps the only American critic of his generation who has written anything really valuable about the contemporary artistic life of Europe. Van Wyck Brooks, who has also written good prose, but of a very different sort, I propose to speak of in another connection. George Jean Nathan is a wonderful humorous writer and a better critic of the theatre than A. B. Walkley, in a recent article, gave him credit for being; but his prose, which superficially resembles Mencken's, is usually lacking in all the qualities which make Mencken's admirable. Willard Huntington Wright, some years ago, gave the impression of being someone important; and Lewis Mumford now gives the impression of someone perhaps about to be. Gilbert Seldes, through his activities as an editor of the Dial and his cultivation of the popular arts, has filled a rôle of considerable importance; but his principal literary quality is a kind of wit which tends to figure in his writings at the expense of accuracy, lucidity and taste. He has become addicted to æsthetic editorial writing, a department for which his vivid and alert but very glancing and volatile mind is perhaps not well adapted. In my opinion, he is seen at his best in passages of straight description of some circus or vaudeville act which he has seen and enjoyed; and I am inclined to believe that he will prove better at dialogue than he has ever been at solid prose: his recent comedy, for all its unpopularity and its serious deficiencies, showed a real gift of ironic comedy and an instinct for conversation. Burton Rascoe has performed the astonishing and probably unprecedented feat of making literature into news. A master of all the tricks of newspaper journalism, which he has introduced into the Sacred Grove to the horror of some of its high priests, his
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find books so exciting. He has always writte
spectably and, at his best, with much intelligen
and point. No one knows what his abilities might be outside the field of journalism, for he has never put them to any other test. Most of the younger generation of critics either are badly educated or have never learned to write, and many suffer from both disabilities. At best, we have produced no literary critic of the full European stature: the much abused Paul Elmer More remains our only professional critic whose learning is really great and whose efforts are ambitious. His prose is quite graceless and charmless, but always accurate and clear, his point of view, though a product of Puritan rationalism, is definitely formulated and possesses the force of deep and serious conviction; and, though hopelessly deficient in artistic sensibility, he has become, in so far as it is possible to be without it, a real master of ideas.

The modern method of biography, based on Strachey and psychoanalysis, has had many practitioners in America: Katherine Anthony, Brooks, Beer, Werner and others; but, though it has furnished a number of agreeable books, I have seen none, except Brooks's Mark Twain (I haven't yet read Krutch's Poe), of even the first local importance. In the special departments of critical and expository writing, the general inferiority of our culture to that of France or Great Britain becomes particularly plain. Comparatively few university professors command the attention of the literary public. Professor Dewey writes much and usefully, but has not inherited William James's literary gift; Professor Cohen, who has a literary gift, publishes nothing but reviews, and not very many of them. In classical criticism, Professor Tenney Frank

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seems the only representative of a new generation; and Professor Frank, although interesting and bold and himself of an admirable literary competence, seems rather indifferent to the literary aspects of the classics. Professor Shorey is the only other person I know of who writes readable books in this field. We have, in short, no university professor with a literary reputation equal to that of Garrod, of Gilbert Murray, of Mackail, of A. E. Housman; or of Whitehead or Bertrand Russell or Lowes Dickinson. I can remember no recent book by an American professor which has been widely read on its literary merits, except Professor Fite's Moral Philosophy and Professor Morison's Maritime History of Massachusetts. In science, we have some effective journalists in the rousing modern manner, but they are mostly undistinguished writers: Doctor Fishbein, Doctor De Kruif and Doctor ·sey. Edwin Slosson is rapidly becoming a sort ·m Lyon Phelps of scientific culture. Wil·, from the point of view of prose, writes ·rly degenerate form of journalese; but ·an of some real literary ability, who de·o be read by literary people: one of his as·s an extraordinary vocabulary which blends ·ntific with literary language in such a way that ·is scientific words become imbued with a new literary value. I doubt, however, whether the cable to the New York Times is a good school of writing. I am sorry not to be able to do the political writers justice: I believe that we are better off in this department than elsewhere; but it is the one in which I have recently read least.

As for poetry, the new movement of twelve years ago seemed at the time to assume impressive proportions. But who can believe in its heroes now? Edgar Lee Masters did one creditable thing, The Spoon River Anthology; but, except for a single fine poem called Silence, I have seen nothing by him since that I could read. Vachel Lindsay's best poems, such as his Bryan, are spoiled by the incurable cheapness and looseness which are rampant in the rest of his work. Carl Sandburg, unlike Masters and Lindsay, has a real instinct for language: with a hard-boiled vocabulary and reputation, he really presents perhaps the most attractive surface of any of the men of the group. But, when we come to read him, we are disappointed to discover how uninteresting he is—how meagre appear his emotions and how obvious his ideas. The work of Amy Lowell is like a great empty cloisonné jar; that of Fletcher a great wall of hard descriptive prose mistaken for poetry. Conrad Aiken, except in a few lyrics, is one of those curious people, like William Vaughn Moody, who when we first glance at a volume by them, give the impression of high poetic gifts, but, when we eagerly set out to enjoy them, produce the effect of disappointment. Robert Frost has a thin but authentic vein of poetic sensibility; but he is excessively dull and writes abominable verse. In my opinion, he is the most generally overrated of this group of poets. Ezra Pound, who deserves all honor as a champion and pioneer, writes as one who understands very well, and as few of his contemporaries do, in what the highest poetry consists, but who has never been able to enchant us, as the highest poets do. His ambitious cantos, so full of fine passages, passages which, if we met them standing by themselves, might deceive us into thinking that the poem must be a masterpiece, seem only fragments in the patternless mosaic of a monument to poetic bankruptcy. And the other poets of the Left, though, like Pound, they have considerable literary interest, seem the victims of the same sterile blight. Marianne Moore is sometimes very fine; but, as she has herself shrewdly noted in choosing her title, the bulk of her work answers better to the description of Observations than to that of poetry: from a viscous slag of intellectual processes, intense and vivid images emerge, invested apparently with sharp emotional significance, but rarely precipitated out as poems. H. D. writes well, like Carl Sandburg; but, like Sandburg, there is little in her. Wallace Stevens has a fascinating nonsense gift of words, rather like that of Edith Sitwell, and he is a charming decorative artist. Alfred Kreymborg has his distinction but tends fatally toward insipidity. I think I prefer his frankly dry, prosaic and odd early work to his later more pretentious sonnets. E. E. Cummings possesses, in some respects, a more remarkable lyric gift than any of the poets reviewed above: his feeling is spontaneous and his words run naturally into music. But, as in his rather limp line drawings, his hand never seems firm: all sorts of ideas and images have come streaming into his head and he doesn't know how to manipulate them to make them artistically effective. W. C. Williams and Maxwell Bodenheim I have tried my hardest to admire but I have never been able to believe in them. Nowadays, the general appetite for poetry seems to have abated since most of the poets mentioned above made their reputation. Even the young poets of most promise find difficulty in getting their poems accepted, not only by the publishers, who have come to regard poetry as invariably unprofitable, but even by the magazines, which, having brought out two or three crops of poets, seem content to close the canon, and have no place for the new poetry of unknown men—even if so obviously gifted as Allen Tate or Phelps Putnam—who cannot be found in Mr. Untermeyer's anthologies or among the charter contributors to the Dial.

I have left the women lyric poets aside in order to discuss them as a group by themselves. On the average, though less pretentious, I think I find them more rewarding than the men: their emotion is more genuine and their literary instinct surer. Miss Reese, the dean of the guild, astonishes me by continuing to write, not only with the same distinction, but almost with the same freshness, as forty years ago. Sara Teasdale, the monotony of whose sob-

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bing note rendered her rather unfashionable when a more arrogant race of young women appeared, has made real progress in her art since her earlier books of poems and has recently written some of her most charming lyrics. Miss Millay has now, in turn, grown so popular that she, too, is in danger of becoming unfashionable; but she remains the most important of the group and perhaps one of the most important of our poets. Like Mencken, the prophet of a point of view, she has, like him, become a national hero; nor, as in the case of certain other prophets, is her literary reputation undeserved. With little color, meagre ornament and images often commonplace, she is yet the mistress of deeply moving rhythms, of a music which makes up for the ear what her page seems to lack for the eye; and, above all, she has that singular boldness, which she shares with the greatest poets and which consists in taking just that one step beyond one's fellows which, by bringing poetry in fresh contact with moral reality, has the effect of making other productions take on an aspect of literary convention. Elinor Wylie, in the best of her verse and in her novel Jennifer Lorn, gives expression to a set of emotions quite different from those of Miss Millay, but one which has also its intensity and its typical interest. Her literary proficiency is immense: she is never at a loss for a witty reference or for a brilliant image; she commands the finest fabrics, the richest sensations, the choicest works of art, the most amusing historical allusions and the most delicious things to eat. And, as a consequence, her inferior work is almost as well written as her best; and her best work has both a style and a splendor of a kind very rare in America—where, even when these qualities do appear together, as they did to some extent in Amy Lowell, they too often remain hollow and metallic from a lack of a heart at the core. Edna Millay's inferior work has no embroidery to disguise it; and, save in her vein of classical austerity, she has for her best only the sorrel or mullein-stalk of the barren and rocky pastures, the purple wild sweet-pea dragging drift-wood across the sand, the dead leaves in the city gutters, the gray snow in the city street, the kettle, the broom, the uncarpeted stairs and the dead father's old clothes—grown strange and disturbing now, to this reader's sense, at least, as the prison-window of Verlaine or the common cross-roads of Catullus. Louise Bogan plucked one low resounding theme on a tensely strung steel string but they are its vibrations, rather than a development, which are still ringing in the air. Léonie Adams has published a most remarkable book, of which the language, seeming to branch straight from the richest English tradition of the seventeenth century, strikes music from the skies of the calm summer starbreak, the bright-washed night after rain and the blue translucence of evening, where a gull or a pigeon, rising alone, seeking freedom in that clarity and space, is lost in a celestial confusion of cloud and light. An anthology of these women writers of lyrics should contain, besides the poets mentioned above, the Cinquains of the late Adelaide Crapsey and the best of Miss Taggard, Miss Deutsch and a number of others, of whom the younger Laura Gottschalk may eventually prove one of the most interesting and in whose company Dorothy Parker, long known as a humorous writer, has recently, it seems to me, fully proved her right to belong.

I have left to the last the two poets whom, among the men, I admire most: T. S. Eliot and E. A. Robinson. T. S. Eliot, though heavily infected with the Alexandrianism of the Left, has been able to imbue with a personal emotional significance, not only his inveterate literary allusions and his echoes of other poets, but even the lines which he has borrowed from them. Both as poet and as critic, he deserves the position of influence which he now occupies. I deplore the mood of extreme fatigue and despondency which seems lately to have been drying up both his criticism and his poetry; but I cannot believe that so intense a passion for poetry—a passion scarcely to be matched among American writers—can be permanently stifled. E. A. Robinson is the last and, artistically (leaving the happiest flashes of Emerson aside), the most important of the New England poets. Though he has recently run much into the sands of long and arid blank-verse narratives, I believe that he is one of the poets of our time most likely to survive as an American classic. Both he and Eliot, despite the disappointing tendency of their poetic motors to get stalled, despite their exasperating hypochondrias of the soul, have had the authentic lyric gift and the artist's mastery of it.

Consideration of Mr. Robinson suggests some general observations. I have said that Mr. Robinson is the last of the New England poets and it is true that he belongs to an earlier period than ours and has really little in common with the writers in whose company the anthologists now place him. (He is closely akin to Henry James, and even to Hawthorne.) And when we look back on the literary era which preceded the recent renascence, we are surprised, after all that has been written about its paleness, its tameness and its sterility, to realize the high standard of excellence to which its best writers attained. When we consider Henry James, Stephen Crane, and such lesser novelists as Cable and Howells, with such critics as Babbitt, Brownell and Paul Elmer More, who belong essentially to the same era, we are struck with certain superiorities over the race of writers of today. These men, in general, with less liberal ideas, possessed a sounder culture than we; and, though less lively, were better craftsmen. They were professional men of letters and they had thoroughly learned their trade. Note the intense artistic integrity, the incapacity for careless work, of even Stephen Crane, who passed for a clever newspaper man and an outlaw to respectable literature; but whose work

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astonishes us now by its quality, by no means incomparable—as how much of our present fiction is?—to the best European work in the same kind.

Another writer who, like Mr. Robinson, through her craftsmanship and her culture, is closely bound to this earlier tradition, but who, by reason of her point of view, forms a connecting link with our own, is Edith Wharton. Often described as an imitator of James, she was really, in her important novels, a writer of quite a different kind. James, except at very rare moments, was never a preacher or a bitter social satirist; but Mrs. Wharton was perhaps the first American to write with passion *against* American society and ideals, as they had come to present themselves by the end of the last century. Her recent books, since The Age of Innocence, have been of rather inferior interest; but, in her prime, she produced what I firmly believe are the best examples of this kind of fiction we have had, and some of our very best novels. She was soon followed by Van Wyck Brooks, who represented the same civilization and expressed the same reaction against it: one of the chief prophets of the present generation, he belongs to the older literary tradition and, for better or for worse, has never learned any of the methods of the new.

Join these writers with the others I have mentioned and it will be seen that they fall together into a remarkably distinguished group, supplying both the history of a society and, with growing indignation toward the end, a criticism of it. Our own age will scarcely present so dignified or so solid a surface. We have the illusion of stronger vitality and of greater intellectual freedom, but we are polyglot, parvenu, hysterical and often illiterate. When time has weeded out our less important writers, those that are left will present a singular vaudeville: H. L. Mencken hoarse with saving souls in the manner of Billy Sunday; Edna Millay singing like a nightingale; Sherwood Anderson making up naïve but disquieting bed-time stories; Dreiser getting out newspaper copy in which the reporter astonishes the reader by having been rash enough to try to tell the truth; T. S. Eliot patching from many cultures a dazzling and variegated disguise for the timid and scrupulous soul of a hero out of Henry James. Let us remember, however, that vaudeville has always been a little an American specialty; and that our most important writers have not in general been such as I have mentioned as typical of the last generation. Emerson, Whitman, Poe; Walden and Moby Dick: they are all independent one-man turns, and we may find their peers in our present bill.

It is, however, true in our day, as it scarcely was in theirs, that the popular appetite for literature gives rise to a serious temptation to be content, as the public are, with one's second-best work; and we may still feel a solicitude lest our writers, if they will not study more, will not at least bore deeper.

William James in Nineteen Twenty-Six*

IT would be hard to say just how it happened, but the immediate effect of re-reading this volume of extraordinarily well selected and arranged extracts from the writings of William James was to set me wondering about the impact of the World War upon the intellectual life of the United States. The volume, together with its penetrating introductory interpretation of the thought of William James, brings home to one afresh how precisely and adequately Mr. James expressed a certain phase of American life-experience. The volume also deepens one's sense of the gap, the seemingly impassable chasm, that exists between the America of today and that of the nineties and nineteen hundreds whence dates the intellectual achievement of William James. What and why is this paradox?

Why should the most genuinely characteristic of American voices sound today as if coming to us from a by-gone and finished age? The weight of the paradox is increased when one remembers the contrast between the attitude of professional colleagues toward him while his work was doing and his established position today. Well do I remember the tone of thirty years ago. A great psychologist, certainly, but as to his ill-advised forays into philosophy, there was an amused and pitying condescension. Yet his ideas of an open universe with its plural and unfinished directions, its irregularities and hazards, its novelties and its unadjusted cross-currents which seemed so wantonly heretical, have already become, I will not say everywhere accepted, yet commonplaces of discussion, though only twenty-five years have passed. One thing is sure: he was a prophet of the future; all the vital currents of science and philosophy have set in the direction in which he pointed. Yet the more certain is his place in general philosophy, his place as a thinker among the thinkers of the world, the more uncertain does it appear whether he is a permanent spokesman for the spirit of the United States, or whether he summed up an age, the pioneer age, of the country when it was passing from the actual

* The Philosophy of William James, Drawn from his own Works, with an Introduction by Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research. New York: The Modern Library, Inc. 95 cents.

scene. Is the spirit to which he gave articulation gone, gone not to return, and shall men henceforth read him simply for what is universally human in his insights, as the first forerunner in the world of philosophy of the new orientation to proceed from the science of nature? Or is that for which he spoke an abiding, an indestructible, possession of American life? Will Americans go back to him simply for reminiscence and compensation, or for invigoration and girding of loins? Merely to ask the questions occasions a certain depression.

If you wish to know what it was in American life that William James stood for, no better answer can be found than that given by Mr. Kallen in his Introduction. Mr. James gave intellectual expression to the life of the pioneer who made the country. There is similarity between the personal, the private, experiences of James whereby his own thought was nurtured and "the free responses of the American people to the American scene." The latter have to do "with the unprecedented, the hazardous, the unpredictable in the adventure of the white man on the American continent. . . . They are most at play in the effort of the pioneer; the will to believe at one's own risk in the outcome of an enterprise the success of which is not guaranteed in advance is what they sum up to. Freedom, risk, effort, novelty and an indeterminate future all are involved in them." Thus "the private experience of William James and the public experience of Europeans making a home in the American wilderness coincide. . . . Each is an assertion of the autonomy and naturalness of the individual; of his freedom to win to such success or excellence as is within his scope, on his own belief, in his own way, by his own effort, at his own risk during his unending struggle to live in this changing world which was not made for him, this altogether *un*guaranteed world."

But the pioneer has gone. He remains, as Mr. Kallen reminds us, only in the romanticism of the "western" motion-pictures. Organization and regimentation appropriate to the technology of mass production have taken his place. It was not many years ago that Mr. Wells thought to sum up his impressions of this country by reading everything in terms of an unrestrained "individualism." But save as "individualism" was used in a technical sense to denote a temper of indifference to political or governmental action, Mr. Wells was even then interpreting this country not for what it was, but for what it had been and had ceased to be. The temper of science has moved since the day of James to the intimation of an open and irregular universe; but our own human scene has become relatively trimmed and closed. The older instinctive and unconscious individuality has given way to a self-conscious individualism which expresses its liberality chiefly in rebellion against what are called Puritanic restrictions in personal conduct, while "personal liberty" and liberalism find their apotheosis in the declaration of the inalienable right to patronize a bootlegger. We talk much more about individualism and liberty than our ancestors. But as so often happens, when anything becomes conscious, the consciousness is compensatory for absence in practice.

It happened that I was reading these selections from James at the same time with Graham Wallas's The Art of Thought. It would be difficult to frame an interpretation of the pioneer spirit more divergent from the one just stated than that set forth by Mr. Wallas. The divergence is immensely significant in the present context. Mr. Wallas finds the surviving influence of the pioneer mind the chief obstacle to a development of independent intellectual life in this country. To him "pioneer" is almost synonymous with Philistine contempt for thought as a high-brow futility; synonymous with the conforming Fundamentalist in religion; with strenuous effort directed toward future material gain and achievement at the expense of present enjoyment and leisure. In piquant contrast with the writing of Mr. Kallen, he happens to instance William James as the antithesis of the pioneer mind. Any controversy as to which interpretation of the pioneer spirit is correct would be idle. All sensible persons would admit that "the pioneer spirit" as an entity, as a concept, is something artificially selected and constructed; it allows opportunity of choice from among the traits of the actual pioneer men and women, who, being human, were mixed like the rest of us. But the significant thing is that the free, hazarding, individualistic quality has so receded that when a commentator on contemporary conditions looks for present relics of a pioneer mind, he finds them precisely in those characters of the American scene which lie, a smothering blanket, upon intellectual and moral individuality.

Unbidden the query arises whether the popular view of "pragmatism" and of Mr. James as its author does not itself testify to a subtle perversion of the reality of James's thought, a perversion which is itself indicative of the change which has come about along with the substitution of a machine-made world for the out-door world of the pioneer. If I mistake not some of the laudatory renown of William James at present springs from attributing to him a view of "consequences" which he had by anticipation bitterly denounced. It was he who said that the weakest point in American character was the tendency to worship "the bitch goddess, success." Yet perhaps some of the vogue of pragmatism among us—as well as of the adverse criticism of foreigners—is the notion that it is somehow a philosophy of, for and by success. There is little room to doubt that in the little less than twenty years since the volume called Pragmatism was published, there has taken place a certain transformation of values; some things which were foremost with James have fallen into the background, and things slighted by him have come to the front.

However it may be with the popular interpretation of the pragmatic thought of James, the prag-

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matism of American life is the predominance of business. A recent American writer * has quoted from the head of one of the departments of the United States Chamber of Commerce to the following effect: "Capitalism is today triumphant and the American business man, as its conspicuous exponent, occupies a position of leadership which the business man has never held before." The citation is backed up by another from no less an authority than Henry Ford. "Our whole competitive system, our whole creative expression, all the play of our faculties seem to be centred around material production and its by-products of success and wealth." Mr. Otto goes on to say the most ominous feature of the situation is not the general absorption in business, deplorable as that is. "Far worse, is the threatened assumption by business men of leadership in man's aspirational life." "Backed by unnumbered speeches before 'service' clubs and articles in business magazines, and aided by the ramifying arm of governmental agencies, the propaganda for 'practical idealism' is going forward."

The cardinal doctrines of the gospel according to business as set forth by Mr. Otto—and I know of no more ominously significant remarks—are, first, that the hopes upon which men set their hearts are to be dictated by business men; secondly, the technological means for the realization of these hopes are to be furnished by men of science; and, thirdly, the apprenticeship necessary to prepare the rising generation to take its place quickly and efficiently in the industrial system is to be supervised by educators, while the chief responsibility of religious teachers is to foster devotion to those moral and religious codes which are needed to hold the mass of men to habits of sobriety and industry.

We are not, I think, here far away from our theme of the paradoxical relation of William James and American life. The passage suggests the enormous contrast that may exist within the compass of a common conception. That thought, speculation, theory should have a definite meaning in particular consequences in human life was certainly the teaching of William James. The doctrine was an articulate expression of something native in our scene. Yet the distance between it and the current pragmatism which Mr. Otto perceives and condemns is more significant than any difference between any American and any non-American philosophy. It indicates a civil war, an internal split. In which direction are we to move: in that marked out by James or in that which seems to be controlling today? Did William James catch a passing and perhaps expiring note and idealize it by imbuing it with his own personality? Or did he penetrate to a reality which is abiding and which will surely manifest itself through the superficial froth and foam which temporarily conceal it?

JOHN DEWEY.

* Natural Laws and Human Hopes, by M. C. Otto, Henry Holt and Company, 1926.

The Child as Artist

THE tradition that the artist is a rather wilful but amusing child has long had a hold on the philistine mind. It accounts very well for the alternations of neglect and patronage which the artist encounters in modern society. In the new experimental schools that have been springing up all over the land, this malicious commonplace has been turned inside out. Teacher after teacher has discovered that, when opportunity opens, all children are potentially artists, some in one medium, some in another, but all capable of sharing and creating that patterned, rhythmic experience which distinguishes itself from other types of human activity, "work," "routine," "mechanical skill," in being art. During the last generation we have learned to appreciate the art of the primitive. The modern teacher has discovered, happily, that the primitives are always with us: they are our children.

The results of this discovery are now before us in a significant general exhibition, arranged in color reproductions and black-and-whites within the pages of Progressive Education, a quarterly review*—and they are exhilarating. They come from widely separated parts of the country, these paintings, drawings and plastics, and from the earliest kindergarten drawing up to the more sophisticated and uncertain work of the fifteen-year-old, they show a fresh impulse, fermenting, bubbling, manifesting itself in a hundred ways. Now the art opens up a channel from the child's inner life, expressing symbolically some wordless desire, now it fixes in a living pattern an all-too-evanescent experience, or again it expresses in an imaginative way the facts of history and geography. That art of the high character which reveals itself in these pages can come out of so many modern experimental schools is itself an evidence of the superiority of their methods and their attitude towards the child. This is not the lucky product of a teacher of genius, training a small group of particularly apt pupils; it is the common outcome of the creative and experimental method in education; and it leaves one with a breathless sense of opening possibilities.

Art is not a new subject in the ordinary school curriculum. As a feeble "accomplishment" it has a place in the early nineteenth century finishing school, and in the Victorian period it made its way, via the South Kensington Museum, into English education, to be copied in various degrees by our American institutions. Who does not remember what those lessons in art were like? They were graded lessons, done usually with a crayon, which began with skeleton figures, but soon abandoned the human body altogether, as too difficult, in order to move upward, in a dull inexorable way, through spheres, cubes, boxes, telegraph poles—to teach

* Progressive Education: A Quarterly Review of the Newer Tendencies in Education. Volume III, No. 2. Washington, D. C.: The Progressive Education Assn. $1.

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perspective—and bananas, until the last lesson in correct drawing was reached. In latter days, this graded course in art-production has been enriched, through the aid of our museums, with equally well graded appreciations. What visitor to the metropolitan art museums is not familiar with dutiful little chain-gangs of young scholars, being taught appreciation—that is, history, anecdote, and a patter of conventional folly as to what is "good" or "bad" in an historic picture? At its best, this process taught art as mechanical skill in the reproduction of visible objects; at its worst, it taught that dull colors were "refined," that Rosa Bonheur and Luke Fildes were great painters, and that pictures, like postage stamps or stocks, might be collected, for a prospective rise in prices.

The process of the new schools in America is the exact opposite of the methods I have described. They begin with the notion that art is a natural and normal human activity, not something that must be injected into the human animal, like a benign virus, in graduated doses. Their capital effort is to arrange the child's life in such a fashion that he will take the clay and color and paper, as naturally as, at an earlier age, he will take to a sandpile and building-blocks. One does not have to posit a "building instinct" or an "expressing instinct" to explain the child's reaction to art. He imagines, he desires, he works, he remembers; and when the materials for incarnating his inner drama are present in his environment, and when other people are engaged in the same activity, the child takes to art as readily as he will take to food or drink. That he needs a certain amount of encouragement, instruction and discipline, even in passing through a creative experience is fairly plain; for if a child may be balked or turned aside in his food habits—and what parent does not remember some "difficult" period?—the same thing may happen in art. The point to remember is that the process of æsthetic creation is natural and functional; and the school that does not foster art, or what is just as bad, the school that puts the stamp of routine on a poor, truncated subject it calls "art," goes a long way towards pauperizing and devitalizing the child's activities.

What is true of adult life is true likewise for the child. Art is not something to be added to "life" after the serious business—that of making money or mastering the three R's—is done: art is essentially the serious business itself, for it is the topmost expression of life in its moments of creative intensity. With our utilitarian preoccupations, a great many of us have lost this central insight; and we look with amazement on primitive people who expend their energies upon beautiful clothes, upon ritual, upon the dance, upon decoration of pottery, whilst they till the earth with a bent stick, or carry water in jugs from a distant spring. Did not even Mr. H. G. Wells find fault with the Greeks for this reason? Our own habit is just the reverse: we concentrate on supplanting the bent stick with the tractor-plow, and the crude system of water-carrying with modern plumbing; and meanwhile, we give to art, grudgingly, what remains over from all these practical activities, or give nothing at all, and at long last have nothing to give. Under this régime, invention becomes a substitute for art, and modern philosophers sometimes talk about the two as if a vital difference, in end if not in mode, did not exist between them. The art produced in the new experimental schools shows, I think, that we are beginning to escape the dull motions of a utilitarian routine, and are recovering art itself as a central creative activity. It is a hopeful sign.

Among the various contributors to this exhibit of Progressive Education there is a healthy diversity of opinion as to what art is, and what it does, and what its resources are; but none of the teachers or artists have the slightest doubts as to its importance in the life of the child. For Mrs. Ferm, of the Stelton School, art is the spontaneous expression of the child's inner life. For Mr. Peppino Mangravite, art education "aims at nothing but sharpening sensibilities and strengthening powers of expression." Mr. Correthers finds that the child's mind is cluttered by memories of rotagravures, moving pictures, art galleries and museums, and would like to discard these things bag and baggage; whereas Miss Ericson urges the example of a school that borrowed distinguished paintings and put them in a conspicuous place so that, without patent instruction, the children should have acquaintance with "the best." To Mrs. Cane, art is a cosmos in itself; to Miss Steele and Mrs. Mitchell, art, drama, ritual, work and knowledge work hand in hand, deliberately enriching each other.

In spite of all these different approaches, in spite of the wide differences in opportunity which the schools are able to afford, the art itself, for the most part, has a freshness and spontaneity which shows that something more than a technical method or a person has been at work upon the child. The Sound of a Brass Band, by an eleven-year-old in the Keith School at Rockford, Illinois, A Reclining Horse, by a nine-year-old in the City and Country School, New York, a Ryder-like horse, man and sky by an eight-year-old in the Potomac School in Washington—one might exhaust one's adjectives and the reader's patience without enumerating half the excellent and astonishing things that were selected for this number. Almost all of these paintings are direct, strong, vigorous in design, untouched by literality; they frequently have a power of formal expression—I am thinking of a five-year-old's drawing of Atlantic City—which far outbalances the mere technical assurance of mature conventional painters. And such decoration! The children of the Walden School cover their doors and cupboards as freely as if they were

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Italians of the Quattrocento; and with the audacity and skill that these modern children achieve in their art, they could cover quite as easily, I have no doubt, the cold and sterile interiors that still remain in so many of our old-fashioned schools.

Progressive Education has done a great service by putting on record, in such an ample way, the fruits of art in modern education; and one is tempted to go further and echo Professor Cizek's wish for a museum of children's drawings. Here are genuine primitives, untouched by the pallor of the prisonhouse; undulled by the compliances, the affectations, the fashions, which make over the art of those who have no inner resources, into the likeness of what is merely respectable and decent in the eyes of their neighbors. The good school, the good art, the good life—these things are one. The good school is that special form of the present community in which man can reach his full stature; the good life is what goes on in this utopian environment, and good art is the organic expression of the personality, the experience and the environment, at their highest points, when the external conditions are malleable, and so are no longer felt as compulsion, when the internal conditions are well formed, and so no longer exhibited as caprice. In this sense, art is the record of what Emerson called "good days." One lives for those days; one lives, in truth, only *in* those days, the rest being but a sleep and a forgetting. What "preparation for life" can compare with this kind of education? And what, in the end, is a better preparation for life than to know, before one is dulled by routine or disappointment, what life may offer at its best, and how in art one may capture, intensify and transfigure this?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Forest

When the changed air drenched earth with rain
And startled creatures swam or died,
There was no thought, in any brain,
Of man, who had not then been tried.
And now that one, in this cool wood,
Stands where old ice and water stood—
Among these creatures, on this moss,
Mute in his mantling sense of loss—
Nothing remembers, nothing sees
The humble heart that he has lost.
He is forgotten by the trees
That only knew him to their cost.
He that, for power and a crown,
Betrayed and brought the pine-tree down
And turned to stone the dropped leaf's green
For wit to parry the unseen,
Hears voices in the speechless trees
And speeches ringing in the ground,
And cries, not understanding these,
And suffers, hating other sound.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Metropolitan Blues

WHEN I heard that the Metropolitan Museum had arranged a court or garden in the Roman manner and would exhibit there a collection of classical antiquities, my first thought, I confess, had to do with color.

Academically I might doubtless have turned first on the patent advantage of seeing these classical works of art, these statues, busts, bronzes, vases, bas-reliefs, figurines, glass and frescoes, in their due place, approaching them from their living angle. Such a scheme might afford us not only a better understanding of their nature and use, and their relation to each other in a right perspective, but might also imply a better picture of Roman civilization.

Humanly I might have rejoiced in the fact that such a spot, with its light and shade, its columns, its water and gracious spaces, might bring to the weary visitors, students, travelers among cultured studies, a change and rest from their indoor hours, and give them a refreshment of the senses that might make art itself seem to them richer in the infinite delight and happy nurture that Milton talked about, a necessary and joyous way of life.

But neither of these came first to my thoughts. Light indeed would have come first, pleasure in the thought of things seen in the living world of light, the revelation of marble and lovely forms, of water, green leaves, colonnades and vistas, by the power of light. But such light rarely can bless us in these more northern climes, certainly not in cities and not at most seasons of the year, and certainly not through a glass roof whose clearness our smoke and dust would soon bring to its knees. And so it was color as we should see it there in the classic garden, that seemed most exciting.

I said to myself two things. In the first place now, I said, more people will see that classic architecture, those columns and architraves and enclosing walls, is not that affair in white plaster that museums have shown, fishy white, bluish, smooth and dead; nor is it that grim, sooty construction that we see in Victorian city banks, municipal halls and solemn monuments of sandstone and granite and marble. Seeing this garden now they will realize how much color was spread over those marbles and stuccos of the classic days; how red and blue was found on columns, gilding on guttæ and molds; how the full life that the sun gives was set upon those temples and baths and palaces, how a villa might show saffron walls, red balconies, blue and ochre columns for the court, or a little vermilion temple of love by a bright garden water.

In the second place, I said, these people will see now close at hand what color can come to in architectural usage. If the red or green or blue is painted on to marble or the gilding is run on that translucent, absorbing texture that marble has! If there is stucco showing what such an under-surface does when color is put upon it! If there is skilful overpainting, in which the colors are not mixed and muddied, but one at a time is put on, left to dry and then washed over with another, and so on and so on, thus achieving all the vibrancy and vitality that color

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holds, and thus opening to light's power the last depths of the tone! In all these if's, I thought, what happiness!

Court in Wing K, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, is constructed on the theme of a peristyle surrounding a garden in such a villa as some Roman gentleman might have had along the Bay of Naples. The details of the design are from various sources, we are told, the color being copied from originals in Pompeii and neighboring towns. The court measures ninety-seven by one hundred and twenty-nine feet, the open garden is forty-five by seventy-seven feet, the colonnade is twenty-six feet wide on each of the four sides. In this garden there have been put such plants as best suggest the classic, the cypress being excluded by importation laws and pointed cedars taking its place. There is an oblong marble basin, a fountain, and numerous statues and tables and pedestals, classic originals. In the colonnade are more of these and cases of objects.

The sum total of this accomplishment, Court in Wing K, is this: a good space, beautiful works of art, fine fragments, antiquities from the shores of the Mediterranean, the water, the marble, the resting place from the closed rooms elsewhere in the museum. Otherwise the Pompeian Garden is unbelievably bad.

The fundamental designing is for the most part undistinguished and flat; the proportions have no compulsion of elegance or style and the only mood or poetry they convey is due rather to the patio form itself and to the beautiful elements that take part in it. The cresting around the top is mediocre, the wall panels with their border of leaves are worse, the curve of the glass roof over the open place is without charm or invention. But the worst feature in the general mess of this court is the color. What the bulletin means when it expresses indebtedness to Mr. Eugene F. Savage for developing and executing the color scheme is hard to understand. The base, or the lower third rather, of the columns is red, the wall panels black, with a dado of dark red, and there are blues and greens, gray and other colors about the rest of the structure. The black is flat and dead, all the colors are wrong and lifeless. But the red illustrates fairly enough what the trouble is with the whole place.

This red on those columns, you are to understand, is the famous Pompeian red. That red—you can see plenty of it by walking a few feet into the nearby rooms and looking at the frescoes from Southern Italy or better by looking at the little apartment brought complete and lustrous to us from Boscoreale—is a glowing crimson, with rose and vermilion spreading through it and keeping it alive. Some of its brilliance derives no doubt from its being laid over the light ground of plaster or marble. But there is no more glowing color in art than this red, no color more daring and yet more at home in the world. The courage of it on columns and walls as a background for human figures and works of art was thrilling and was secure, for there is no classic texture or form that cannot pick up lustre and edge from it.

But this red on the walls and columns in Wing K! In the first place it is muddy and dull, like all the painting in the place, mere mixed dead oil paint, without surface or tone. In the second place it is our old friend the Victorian Pompeian Red, as far from Rome as Victoria from Sappho. You look at this muddy color on these columns and wall spaces. It is a brown red, glowing in some lights to the color of floor tiling and in its subtler depths to liver. Your reflections are bitter and discouraging. Can there be people who will swallow all this? The last forty years may have seen us less apt to understand some of the austerity of the classic discipline and thought, but it has at least seen us grow in our grasp of the classic sense of color. The designers of the court in Wing K might have been asleep for two generations or sitting in some mussy club-room hung with plaster casts and pictures of the Forum; this Pompeian Garden that we see at the Metropolitan might have been done forty years ago.

Meanwhile the prestige of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is behind the Pompeian Garden. And meanwhile people crowd into this court and revel in it. Most of them have never seen a formal garden at all. All the more shame then to pass such sterility off on them as the classic garden of their dreams, to use this space, this magic of columns, these cool shadows and lovely forms, this marble, this green, this cloistered soil and the grace of falling water, to traduce the thing represented! So beautiful are all these and so beautiful the idea of such a place that even now the memory of it almost persuades me that the Pompeian Garden is a fine piece of work. But I know only too well that it is unimaginative, ugly and middle-class, stale, misleading and dull.

STARK YOUNG.

American Ballads and Their Collectors

THERE appears to be a steadily increasing interest in the study of American folk-songs. Professor Pound published, four years ago, her American Ballads and Songs, the first anthology of its kind; and the past year alone has seen the publication of Folk-Songs of the South, by Professor Cox; On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs, by Dorothy Scarborough; and The Negro and His Songs, by Professors Odum and Johnson, who have also announced a second work on the same subject. All of these books are interesting to read and no doubt valuable to the student of folk-lore; but one cannot help feeling that the material as a whole has never yet had justice done it. Most of these collectors make their acknowledgment to Professor Kittredge of Harvard, the carrier-on of the tradition of Professor Child; and Professor Cox's book has been developed from a doctor's thesis prepared under Professor Kittredge's supervision. His book and Miss Scarborough's have been published by the Harvard University Press and that of Professors Odum and Johnson by the University of North Carolina. It was also Harvard which gave J. A. Lomax, the collector of cowboy songs, a traveling fellowship and which has recently made another such appointment. Yet, though the work of Professor Child is one of the most important achievements of American scholarship and the liberality with which it has been carried on since his death

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extremely honorable to Harvard, there are certain disadvantages involved in having ballad-collecting become an established branch of academic study.

Popular songs are a form of literature and the first great work on them in English, Bishop Percy's Reliques, was essentially a work of literature and an exceedingly good one. Professor Child's English and Scottish Ballads was a remarkable feat of scientific scholarship, but not precisely a contribution to poetry. And subsequent American collectors of ballads have followed the example of Professor Child rather than that of Bishop Percy. Ballads are no longer literature but "folk-lore"; and "folk-lore" has become a science—running to the same narrow specialization and the same unintelligent amassment of data as the other sciences. Professor Cox, for example, in spite of his title, has devoted a volume of five hundred and forty-five pages to the "folk-songs" of West Virginia; and Professors Odum and Johnson have confined themselves to two counties in northern Mississippi and two counties in northern Georgia. Miss Scarborough has ranged more widely, from the point of view of geography, but appears to have been so exclusively possessed by the idea of surprising pure "folk" on the lips of the illiterate that she has neglected some valuable information which she might very easily have acquired from a study of printed song-books. And Professor Pound, in what was designed for a popular anthology, has laid down for herself a clearly indicated but essentially pedantic rule which prevents her from including Yankee Doodle and John Brown's Body, but inspires her to take space for a wholly uninteresting version of The Spanish Cavalier for the sake of such "folk-etymological changes" as that of "cavalier" to "cabineer."

One disadvantage of this preoccupation with folk-lore, from the ordinary reader's point of view, is the fact that it tends to make the collectors shy of such particularly witty or coherent versions of their ballads as can be found in print and almost religiously respectful toward any combination of words, no matter how blurred or garbled, which has been derived from a source sufficiently humble to be considered authentically "folk." Thus, Professor Pound excludes the "vaudeville version" of Casey Jones, in favor of a cruder and more serious version evidently of earlier date. She does not take into account the fact that even from her own point of view, it is the more picturesque vaudeville version which is now probably most widely known and which is now itself becoming "folk." I believe that the collectors of popular ballads should consider that, in the life of many songs, there comes an occasion—or perhaps a number of occasions—when, as in the case of Casey Jones, a primitive version is reorganized and rewritten by someone cleverer than the original composer; and I wish that the scholars would turn their attention to the discovery and preservation of such versions before they have become confused again. There are several sources to which they might go, all of them scorned, so far as I can see, by the folk-lorists. One source is the old song-books of the colleges: if Miss Scarborough had consulted these, she would surely have found a full version of The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister, of which only "fragments, tantalizing in their incompleteness," have been communicated to her by a lady from Texas. Another source is the educated people in every community who have a private local reputation for singing entertaining songs: these people, like the illiterate, transmit songs orally from generation to generation and they usually remember them better. It is inconceivable that Professors Odum and Johnson could not have learned from some lady of their acquaintance the charming ballad of Careless Love, of which they print a version so degenerate that the refrain has become Kelly's Love. A third source is the professional ballad-singers of the bars and cabarets who are to be found in every large city, and are sometimes composers of considerable gifts, in some instances, the original creators of ballads which have afterwards become popular "folk-songs" and, in others, the authors of particularly admired new versions of old ones. "Ballad-making," wrote Professor Kittredge in his preface to his abridgment of Child, "so far as the English-speaking nations are concerned, is a lost art; and the same may be said of ballad-singing." He has since modified the first part of this statement, but neither he nor the majority of his followers seems to realize how far from the truth the second is. The compilers of the volumes I have been discussing have diligently cross-examined Negro servants, crept up on railroad laborers while they were singing at their work and taken phonograph records of lullabies by old ladies on lonely farms. But none ever seems to have thought of making the rounds of the night resorts of Harlem, New Orleans or Memphis. Only Miss Scarborough has taken the trouble to look up Mr. W. C. Handy, the well known Blues composer of the latter city, who is probably one of the people in the United States who knows most about Negro ballads; and Miss Scarborough has neglected to find out from him a number of things which he could certainly have taught her. Mr. Handy, for example, would surely have been able to bring into focus the dim outlines of Frankie and Johnny; and to have supplied Miss Scarborough with further verses of the mysterious song expressing "the woes of unrequited love" and with the refrain,

> Oh, tell me how long,
> I'll have to wait!
> Oh, tell me, Honey,
> Don't hesitate!

three stanzas of which, she tells us, have been sent her by another lady with the information that they had been "sung her by a colored maid she had some years ago."

The reproaches which may be brought against the students of folk-songs are, therefore, similar to those under which lie the researches of other sorts of scholars conducted under the auspices of the universities: first, the lack of a general interest in their subject—that of popular songs—as a whole; and, second, an indifference to æsthetic values. Percy's Reliques were, as I have suggested, relics of "ancient English poetry," not of folk-lore. "The old copies," wrote Bishop Percy, "were often so defective or corrupted that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the bard nor was worthy the press; when by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily that the

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Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement." And Walter Scott, in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, did not hesitate, not merely to revise his ballads, but even to supply entirely original passages to fill in the lacunæ. The procedure of these two eminent ballad collectors is considered abhorrent today. Yet, if the authors of The Negro and His Songs had adopted the principle of Bishop Percy, they might have been spared their ridiculous blunder in connection with Kelly's Love. Such a scholar as Professor Pound would reply that it is simply a question of whether you are interested in Walter Scott or in the habits of the popular mind as reflected in its songs. But where is the line to be drawn between Walter Scott and Mr. W. C. Handy? And where between Mr. Handy and the other contemporary minstrels who create popular songs but do not write them out? The tendency of the folk-lore scholar is to attach most importance to the versions which are best known to the ordinary man and, therefore, most commonplace. He forgets that the ordinary man usually wishes he could remember some more amusing or more elaborate version which he has at some time heard somebody sing; and that it is still the literary art which distinguishes it that causes him to value the song.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

BUT for the habitual clumsiness—not to say inherent incapacity—of our so-called Democratic leaders in Congress and in the country I would say that at last they have found the thing for which they have been searching so sedulously and with so little success ever since this session began—to wit, a unifying political issue of sufficient soundness to justify a genuine nationwide appeal. If the revelations of the outrageous and astounding amount of money spent in the Republican primaries in Pennsylvania, coupled with the charges of a somewhat general and almost open corruption, made before the Reed committee, do not constitute an issue then there is no such thing.

It is not as if these disclosures were a mere isolated instance in a single state and the conditions were common in both political parties in all sections, as the disingenuous Reed of Pennsylvania would have us believe. That is distinctly not the case and the more or less casual explanation that the whole disgusting business is due to the direct primaries is completely false and misleading. If the Democrats in the Senate let this little group of highly financed and exceedingly discomfited Pennsylvania Republicans, who circle around the saintly Mr. Mellon, get away with any such ridiculous stuff as this then they are even more stupid than I think they are and deserve fully the poor opinion in which they appear to be generally held.

If through sheer inertia and ineptitude they permit the Republican organs and alibi artists, headed by the unctuous Pepper and his earnest young colleague, to hornswoggle them out of this opportunity as they were hornswoggled out of that presented by the oil lease frauds—if they muff this chance as completely as they have every other since their last and most crushing defeat, then indeed it is time to sing the Democratic doxology and get out the lilies for the party of Jefferson and Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson.

Because it is crystal clear that what happened in Pennsylvania is no exceptional occurrence—a little larger and more flagrant than ever before perhaps, but entirely typical of Republican primaries and the Republican party in every campaign, either primary or general, in every section. For example in Illinois the amount spent and the resulting corruption fully equalled if they did not go beyond that in Pennsylvania. In a lesser degree the same thing has prevailed in other states. It is merely a matter of size—no real difference in the system followed and the methods used. Wherever Republicans battle, one side or the other—and generally both—are equipped with large campaign funds the bulk of which is expended in questionable ways of influencing the result. Moreover in Pennsylvania the national administration is so definitely hooked up with the situation that it cannot be separated. Not only is it Mr. Mellon's home state, but Mr. Mellon himself was made the dominant issue on his side, along with Mr. Coolidge, and it was Mr. Mellon's family that supplied a large part of the money, his relatives who helped raise the rest and directed the distribution. Appealing publicly to the voters to stand by Mr. Mellon and endorse Mr. Coolidge they connived in, sanctioned and lent their weight so far as they could—Mr. Mellon openly and Mr. Coolidge covertly—to an attempt to gain control of the state and nominate a ticket, through the expenditure of a fund not far from two million dollars.

I maintain that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Coolidge administration, through the vital and conspicuous rôles played by them during the campaign, are thoroughly saturated and smeared with the Pennsylvania pitch and I do not see how save through Democratic acquiescence and coöperation, such as was given in the tax bill matter, they can sufficiently deodorize themselves to shake off the smell. It seems to me that Mr. Mellon has been exposed as the real force behind an organization that tried to buy control of a state and that unless he were either densely ignorant or incredibly innocent he must have known that no such sum as was raised for the Pepper campaign could be expended altogether without corruption. Mr. Mellon is the leading member of the Coolidge cabinet, the source of Mr. Coolidge's chief strength and support. The high water mark in any state in the use of money to influence an election is reached in Mr. Mellon's state in a fight in which he has the largest stake, puts up the most money, is the real power. As his personal representative his own nephew was the directing head in the fight, the real money raiser. If that is not an issue for the Democrats, what is?

I am not here contending that the Democrats are either too pious or too patriotic to do this sort of thing if they had the chance. They are just as completely lacking in political morality and sense of decency as are the Republicans. They have just as little shame and just as few scruples about buying an election as the other side. But that is not the point. The point is that in addition to lacking the other things they also lack the money. They always do. The Democrats are notoriously poverty-stricken. Their campaign chests in state and national fights are in-

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variably flat, their deficits always existent and always large. All over the country the Republicans are recognized and conceded to be the money party. The great financial interests are almost solidly in sympathy with it and are practically unanimously back of this Mellon-Coolidge administration. If big money is spent in elections it is Republican money, not Democratic money, because the Democrats can't get it to spend. However, regardless of the reason, the condition makes the Democratic party the logical champion of pure elections and the logical opponent of big campaign funds. It naturally puts the Democrats on the aggressive and the Republicans on the defensive in this matter of money.

It may be the people of the United States are still too prosperity-drugged and propagandized to be aroused over this or any other issue, save that of liquor. I concede that the completeness with which the Republicans have monopolized the channels of communication, even to the extent of taking the Hearst papers into the fold and converting Brother Brisbane into the leading defender of great wealth, makes it not an easy thing to get the facts to the people unmuddled. Last time all the Republicans had to do to nullify the oil scandals was to shout that the charges of corruption were Democratic propaganda and inspired for political purposes, and immediately most of the rich newspapers, hungry for the Mellon bill, sang in that key.

Notwithstanding that remarkable lesson in public and political psychology I believe that with skill and determination and courage these Pennsylvania exposures can be made extremely effective. For one thing I am quite sure if properly handled they will cramp the style of various Republican candidates for the Senate in various states this fall where Republican success to a considerable extent always hinges upon the putting out of a large amount of money with which Republican candidates seem almost always equipped.

In the next Senate the Democrats and Progressives are sure to have a majority of from five to eight more than they have now. It will be perfectly easy for the combination to unseat any Republican Senator against whom a contest is instituted and charges of corrupt or excessive expenditures made. Already there is talk of refusing Vare his seat and, if the investigation should develop a similar condition in Illinois, of taking similar action against Frank Smith, should he be elected.

It is certainly a pretty prospect this Reed (Missouri) committee has opened up and whether it realizes it or not the country as a whole owes the Missouri Senator a debt. The mere bringing of the facts to light will have a tendency to correct them. However, I shall not be surprised if the Democratic leaders in Congress, through petty jealousies among themselves and plain unintelligence let their opportunity slip away. It will be just like them to do it. It does though seem a shame that someone does not characterize as it deserves the nonchalant excuse of Reed of Pennsylvania that these large expenditures and the attendant corruption are due to the direct primary and his assertion that the only remedy is a return to the convention system. One answer to that is that Brookhart without any money at all was enabled in the primaries to beat the state machine in Iowa by a great majority. Another answer is that big campaign funds were quite prevalent under the convention system and corruption was not by any means unknown. Instead of advocating the repeal of the primary law in his state and the return to a system under which the people had no chance at all against the machine, it would reflect more credit on Mr. Reed's statesmanship if he advocated a law for his state limiting primary expenses and putting an end to such corrupt practices as marked the last fight there. Some states have done it and it can be done. The Reed alibi is typical of the Mellon group. If nothing else comes of the disclosures in Pennsylvania they have certainly rubbed the silly shine off the reputations for political righteousness and virtue of this whole Mellon outfit. Politically they do not seem to be a whole lot better than the crude Mr. Vare, whose Philadelphia machine methods inspired them with such horror and loathing.

T. R. B.

Washington.

An Evangelist Drowns

Through green-white breakers swift I leap,
Sun-sparkled seas my body keep;
Bearer of Gospel-Glory I
With singing angels in my sky,
And earthly chorus at command,
The trumpets of my silver band!
The cripples to my temple crowd,
I heal them, and they shout aloud.
A thousand miles my raptures go
Upon my magic radio.
Time, space and flesh I rise above,
I turn them into singing love. . . .

What's this? A terror-spasm grips
My heart-strings, and my reason slips.
Oh, God, it cannot be that I,
The bearer of Thy Word, should die!
My letters waiting in the tent!
The loving messenger I sent!
My daughter's voice, my mother's kiss!
My pulpit-notes on Genesis!
Oh, count the souls I saved for Thee,
My Saviour—wilt Thou not save me?
Ten thousand to my aid would run,
Bring me my magic microphone!
Send me an angel, or a boat . . .

The senseless waters fill her throat.
Ten million tons of waters hide
A woman's form, her Faith deride;
While thousands weep upon the shore,
And searchlights seek . . . and breakers roar. . . .

Oh, gallant souls that grope for light
Through matter's blind and lonely night!
Oh, piteous minds that seek to know
That which is so—
And piteously have forgot
That which is not!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

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A Poetry of Ideas

Poems: 1909-1925, by T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Gwyer, Ltd. 99 pages.

POEMS: 1909-1925, by Mr. T. S. Eliot is a spiritual epilogue to The Education of Henry Adams. It represents a return of the Anglo-French colonial idea to its home. A pervasive sense of public duty led Adams into morally and politically active life, but it was not strong enough to submerge the "finer grain," with which his hereditary European culture had endowed him. The conflict was disastrous; he repudiated the American adventure too late. But in Mr. Eliot puritan obligation withdraws into private conscience; a system of conduct becomes a pattern of sensibility; his meagre romanticism, like the artificially constructed ruin of the eighteenth century, is strictly an affair of the past, it has nothing whatever in common with a creed of practical romanticism like that of William James. Going home to Europe, Mr. Eliot has had to understand Europe; he could not quite sufficiently be the European simply to feel that he was there; he has been forced to envisage it with a reminiscent philosophy. And it is not insignificant that the quarterly of which he is the editor is the first British journal which has attempted to relate the British mind to the total European mind; that has attempted a rational synthesis of the traditions of Roman culture; that has, in a word, contemplated order. Mr. Eliot's position in this scheme of recapitulation, of arranging the past when the future seems to him only vaguely to exist, is in some respects particularly fortunate. It has enabled him to bring to England, in his poetry, the sense of a contemporary spiritual crisis, which shell-shock had already rendered acute, but of which the English Channel had perhaps kept out the verbally conscious signification. The essays of Maurras, Valéry, Massis, the philosophy of Spengler, all may variously attest to the reality of European disorder. It is nevertheless the special poetical creation of Mr. Eliot's cultural disinheritance and gloom.

It has not, I believe, been pointed out that Mr. Eliot's poetry is principally a poetry of ideas, that these ideas have steadily anticipated the attitude of a later essay on the Function of Criticism. The Sacred Wood was written in the years of this anticipatory verse, but this volume is singularly devoid of its chief issues. For the early essays presuppose a static society and the orderly procession of letters: Tradition and the Individual Talent presupposes a continuity of traditional culture as literature. The baroque agony of the poetry in the corresponding period was preoccupied, however, with the anarchy which he has subsequently rationalized and for which he has proposed as remedy the régime of a critical dictatorship, in the Function of Criticism.

The critical idea of disorder began, in the poetry, as the desperate atmosphere of isolation. It was obviously conviction prior to reflection, but to one in Mr. Eliot's spiritual unrest it speedily becomes a protective idea; it ceases to be emotion, personal attitude; one ceases reiterating it as such. This rationalization of attitude puts in a new light the progressive sterilization of his poetry. It partly explains the slenderness of his production: a poetry with the tendency to ideas betrays itself into criticism, as it did in Arnold, when it becomes too explicit, too full. His collected poems is the preparation for a critical philosophy of the present state of European literature. As this criticism becomes articulate, the poetry becomes incoherent. The intellectual conception is now so complete that he suddenly finds there is no symbolism, no expressive correspondence, no poetry, for it. An emotional poetry uncensored by reason would be intolerable to his neoclassical predilections. For Mr. Eliot apprehends his reality with the intellect, and the reality does not yield a coherent theme. This is evidently the formula of The Waste Land (1922), where the traditional mythologies are no longer forms of expression, but quite simply an inexplicable burden the meaning of which the vulgar brutality of modern life will not permit the poet to remember. The mythologies disappear altogether in The Hollow Men (1925), for this series of lyrics stands at the end of his work as the inevitable reduction to chaos of a poetry of the idea of chaos:

> Here we go round the prickly pear. . . .
> This is the way the world ends
> Not with a bang but a whimper.

The series is substantially an essay on contemporary Europe.

Throughout Mr. Eliot's poetry two principal devices advance the presentation of spiritual disorder. They were previously exploited, the one by Guillaume Apollinaire not later than 1913, the other by André Salmon in 1910. Very little of Mr. Eliot's poetry was written before the latter year. The first is the device of shifted movement, or of logically irrelevant but emotionally significant conclusion, used with typical success at the end of the Preludes; I quote from Mr. Malcolm Cowley's unpublished translation of Apollinaire's Marizibill:

> Through the Hochstrasse of Cologne
> Evenings she used to come and pass
> Offering herself to who would own
> Then tired of walking streets she drank
> All night in evil bars alone. . . .
>
> People I've seen of every sort
> They do not fit their destiny
> Aimless mechanical as wires
> Their hearts yawn open like their doors
> Their eyes are half-extinguished fires.

For the second device, that of projecting simultaneously events which are separated in time, destroying the commonplace categorical perception of time and space and erecting the illusion of chaos—a device of tremendous effect in the Tiresias passage and the Sweeney poems—I quote stanzas from Salmon's Les Veufs de Rose:

> La duègne a secoué ses jupons
> (Chargez le ciel!—Le herse flambe.)
> Le rat de Hamlet, ce bouffon,
> Vient de passer entre ses jambes.
>
> Chassez le rat, chassez les veufs,
> La vieille fermera la porte,
> Rose enfile le maillot neuf
> D'une sœur rivale enfin morte.

Here is the rhythm of Sweeney, Grishkin, Burbank; also a system of imagery too specific in its properties to have been learned directly from Laforgue, supposedly Mr. Eliot's chief French influence.

While he has all along been under the influence of

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Laforgue and Corbiere, it has not given him his two major effects. From these poets he has borrowed not tricks of construction so much as attitudes and particular lines; for example, Mr. Eliot's beautiful line

Simple and faithless as a smile or shake of the hand—

is a paraphrase, in which the metaphor is made a definite image, of

Simple et sans foi comme un bonjour.

The line was Laforgue's, but now because Eliot has improved it, it is his. And the Elizabethan element is impure. Webster's varied complexity of pattern, its fusion of heterogeneous sensations, breaks down under Mr. Eliot's treatment. It has undoubtedly served him as a model of diction, but the physical presentation of psychological terror and the sense of formal beauty, fused in Webster, are in Eliot, as Mr. Edwin Muir has pointed out, simply mixed, alternately recurring. His Elizabethanism has indubitably been too ingenuously appraised by some critics, and it has thus been objected that such a formula is inadequate to contemporary "problems"; but even were the formula of most of Eliot's poetry what these critics suppose it to be, criticism might as well assert that Dryden was not the poet of his age because he did not permit the lately "discovered" law of gravitation to alter the quality of sensitivity in his verse. Mr. Eliot's poetry has attempted with considerable success to bring back the total sensibility as a constantly available material, deeper and richer in connotations than any substance yielded by the main course of English poetry since the seventeenth century.

He has borrowed intelligently from a great many sources; it is only because of an interested romantic criticism that the privilege has fallen into dishonor. Those aspects of recent French poetry which reappear in Eliot have been impugned as echo and faddism; it is forgotten that some of Massinger's best lines are revisions of Tourneur, are unoriginal. And it is not merely as a skilful borrower that Mr. Eliot is the most traditional poet of the age. For him and for all sound criticism down to Pater the body of literature in the Græco-Roman culture lives as an organism; he has deliberately employed such of its properties as extend, living, into the creative impulse of his age. His attention in both criticism and poetry has been to the poetry, not to the poet; to the essence and not to the momentary vicar of the essence. The attitude is self-contained, impersonal, classical, and the critics of opportunity and private obsession have regretted the lack of personal exploitation; his unfamiliar system of metaphor has offered a great deal for a vulgar age to misunderstand. His conviction that the traditional inspiration, in immediately inherited forms, is exhausted produced the transition poem, The Waste Land: it exhibits this inspiration as it now exists in decay, and it looks by implication toward a new world-order the framework of which Mr. Eliot lacked the excessive divination to supply. He is traditional, but in defining tradition as life, as a living cultural memory, instead of a classical dictionary stocked with literary dei ex machina, he is also the type of contemporary poet.

Mr. Eliot's is a scrupulous, economical mind. It is possible that he has nothing more to say in poetry. The Hollow Men ends at least a phase. Whether the difficulty is the personal quality of his puritan culture, as Mr. Edmund Wilson seems to believe, or lies in the tangle of contemporary spiritual forces, it would be hazardous just now to say. But it is evident that he for some reason—like Gray who also lived in a critical transition—cannot "speak out." Arnold's remarks on Gray in this connection are of considerable contemporary interest:

> It [the poetry of his age] was intellectual, argumentative, ingenious . . . not interpretative. Maintaining and fortifying [his mind] with lofty studies, he could not fully educe and enjoy them; the want of a genial atmosphere, the failure of sympathy in his contemporaries, were too great. . . . A man born in 1608 [Milton] could profit by the larger and more poetic scope of the English spirit in the Elizabethan age. . . . Neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They *never spoke out.*

ALLEN TATE.

The Popular Stage of Japan

Kabuki, the Popular Stage of Japan, by Zoë Kincaid. New York: The Macmillan Company. 385 pages. $14.50.

AS Laurence Binyon says in his graceful little introduction to this book, it is surprising in view of the lively interest in everything connected with the theatre, how little has been written about the kabuki, the popular theatre of Japan. Technically, artistically, dramatically, the Japanese and Western stages are poles apart. Yet no drama more poignantly satisfies the emotional needs and æsthetic cravings of its people than the traditional drama of Japan. A Westerner, brought up in the polite school of international pigeon-holes dogmatizing the Japanese as a race that never expresses its feelings except in seventeen syllable verse or Twenty-one Demand Notes, will revise his textbook after his first visit to a Japanese theatre. Here he will find women crying their eyes out on their kimono sleeves, and even men not ashamed of audible sobs when Enya Hangan commits harakiri in The Forty-seven Ronin or when Matsuomaru in The Village School uncovers the head of his own little son, whom he has sacrificed to save the son of his lord. The world of Japanese chivalry—of loyalty and revenge and self-sacrifice—are unrolled in rich brocade settings to the plaintive high-pitched note of the flute and the beat of the "hour-glass" drum. The shoyu manufacturer, the little shop-keeper on the Ginza, the tired placid mother of too many children, slip through their narrow shoji into the immortal revenge of the Sogo brothers, the exploits of Benkei, the warrior-priest, and the wan, weeping-willow love of the heroine-ghost of The Peony Lantern. The enchantment of a long ago Japan survives, perhaps, only in kabuki.

No foreigner has made a more conscientious and enthusiastic study of the Japanese stage than Zoë Kincaid, the author of Kabuki. For many years she lived in Japan and contributed regularly a page on the Japanese drama to The Far East, a weekly magazine in English, edited by her husband. The outsider, entranced by a flaming picture-book come to life, approaches a subject of this kind from the point of view of exotic charm and novelty. Several books of this type have been written on the Japanese stage. But Zoë Kincaid is not an outsider. She is as closely in touch with the metropolitan stage of Japan as is any first-night dramatic critic with New York's Rialto. At the same time she has maintained a perennial freshness of interest in the poetical settings, the symbolic acting and grotesque make-up, the fantastic posturing derived from the marionette theatre and the onnagata, the men who take the rôles of women in kabuki.

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The scope of the volume is ambitious. It includes a history of the inception and development of the kabuki theatre, conventions, ceremonials and technique of the stage, biographical sketches and methods of acting of the leading yakusha, or actors, and the structure and motives of the plays themselves. It is in consequence the most complete popular account of kabuki in English.

No feminist of today could have been more daring than O-Kuni, dancer of the Shinto shrine of Izumo, when in 1596 she deserted her sacred calling to provide entertainment for the masses on a platform erected in the dry river-bed of the Kamo at Kyoto. She married a clever young samurai, Sansaburo, who not only had a gift for acting himself, but knew how to give a popular appeal to O-Kuni's talent. He called her performance kabuki, which then signified something comic and has ever since been applied to the popular stage, as distinguished from the aristocratic Noh drama. The ex-Shinto priestess became the vogue with the aristocracy as the greatest dancer of the day. O-Kuni was the mother of the Japanese popular theatre, but, alas, she could not do much for her daughters. Companies composed exclusively of women and also troupes of mixed players carried on O-Kuni's tradition. But prostitutes soon adopted acting as a side issue. The Shogun's government, with a regard for the public morals that would have done credit to the Comstock era, in 1629 prohibited all acting by women. Thus through necessity women's rôles were assumed by men, known as onnagata, and so meticulously did the onnagata cling to the illusion of their parts, even outside the theatre, that they set the fashion in kimono and obi patterns for the women of their period.

If persecution stimulates art, then certainly no art had more encouragement than that of kabuki. As the author brings out, the Tokugawa government not only objected to the immoral influence of the theatre, but from the rigidity of a puritanic paternalism frowned on the luxurious habits encouraged by theatre-going. It definitely feared that the mildly socialistic tendencies of certain of the plays would create unrest among the docile masses. Actors were segregated in a kind of ghetto; they were not permitted to visit people of other occupations, and their domestic lives were tyrannized over. The climax came when a naughty lady of the Shogun's court was discovered in her amours with a popular matinée idol. The sin then as now was in being caught. The Shogun's government took revenge on the whole fraternity of actors, and the lid was clamped down in earnest. Theatres were reduced from three stories to one, plays had to close at sunset, actors' salaries were cut, their clothes were regulated, and Pooh-Bah government officials were stationed at every performance to exert their pompous censorship.

In every way the actors were treated as social outcasts, and yet they rose supreme to their indignities and within their barriers fashioned an exquisite art that will always occupy a distinguished position in the histrionic culture of the world. They kept to themselves, they married into each other's families and if they had no sons they adopted boys of talent to carry on the exalted traditions of their inherited gift of acting. As soon as they could prattle they were trained to the footlights. Many were men of refinement and education who knew Chinese literature, wrote poetry and were well versed in Buddhist philosophy.

In their art they upheld the torch of Japanese chivalry —loyalty and self-sacrifice—and to this day they keep alive in the kabuki the virtues of the old-time samurai, often forgotten in a mad scramble to get on in an industrial age. Proud old actor families, like that of Kataoka Nizaemon and Ichikawa Danjuro, have come down in unbroken succession from the golden days of Genroku to the present. Danjuro the Ninth, who died in 1903, was the greatest actor Japan has ever produced and easily takes his place beside David Garrick, Edwin Booth, Sir Henry Irving and the famous actors of all time. To the unveiling ceremonies of his statue in 1919 came statesmen as well as theatre folk to do honor to his memory. This, in a country where the aristocracy for centuries considered it a disgrace to go to the despised theatres of the common people. It is a significant note of a changing day for the theatre in Japan that the Ninth Danjuro was commanded to play before the Meiji Emperor and that when the Prince of Wales visited Japan in 1922 the Prince Regent of Japan was the first member of the Imperial House to enter a theatre of his own country.

In spite of annihilating critics who condemn the kabuki stage because it does not meet the needs and problems of modern Japan, the shimpa school of drama, importing its ideas from the West and grafting them on Japan in rococo manner, has not inspired enthusiasm. Kabuki, fortified by three hundred years' intensive culture and the devotion of a people who have learned their history and worshiped their heroes from its stage, has come into its own. The people want the old tragedies, the old vendettas, the old love stories, created afresh by great actors. Every story in the kabuki repertoire is known to everybody in the audience from the O-ji-san—the grandfather—to the tiny youngster who toddles across the hanamachi—the path to the stage built through the theatre—when the play is going on. And the spell of kabuki is magical to the Japanese. With daimyo, fox-maiden and priest drifting and melting through the audience down the hanamachi, the illusion is complete. An intimacy is established between the audience and even the most fantastic creatures of kabuki, spirits, ghosts and animals, who are as real to the Japanese as the leprechaun to the Irish.

This volume prompts the hope that some day a fine company of kabuki actors may bring the inspiration of their art to America as the Moscow Art Theatre has done.

ELSIE WEIL.

Religion as Method

Religious Experience and Scientific Method, by Henry Nelson Wieman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 387 pages. $2.25.

The Survival Value of Christianity, by John Moffatt Mecklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 260 pages. $2.

THERE are interesting similarities between these two books and still more significant contrasts. Both are written, not by theologians or clerics who are professionally engaged in explaining, justifying or propagating Christianity, but by students of secular activities. Both of them deal with Christianity as a living religion and both would like to prolong its life and increase its influence. Both are anti-Fundamentalist in the sense that they reject the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and insist that scientific method provides the only trustworthy way of ascertaining the factual truth about natural and historical processes. But at this point the agreement between them ends and differences begin. For Mr. Wieman discovers in scientific method

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an approach to reality of which Christianity, in so far as it proposes to establish the Kingdom of God in this world, must take account, while Mr. Mecklin opposes religious to scientific truth and depends upon the preservation of the distinction between them for the regeneration of Christianity in the modern world.

Mr. Mecklin begins his book with a polemic against the Fundamentalists which is also in part a sociological explanation of the cause of their intellectual leadership in the American rural communities and their unusually stubborn obscurantism. He considers the conflict between Fundamentalism and Liberalism ultimate and irreconcilable. The question concerns "the meaning of Christianity and its survival value in the modern world," or in somewhat different words "the nature, the function and the limitations of the religious imagination." He conceives imagination as the creative human faculty which interprets and humanizes the fluid world of experience. There are two types of imaginative exercise—one of them practical, scientific and mechanical, which refers to objective reality; the other symbolic, emotional, affirmative of values and religious, which refers to subjective reality. Fundamentalism confuses the two uses of the imagination. The Bible itself mixes up historical fact with edifying fiction, and Christian traditionalists in this as in other respects accept the testimony of the Scriptures uncritically.

But if the Fundamentalists confuse science with religion by attributing scientific truth to mystical and symbolic religious values, the Liberals are from Mr. Mecklin's point of view almost equally at fault. They fall into the error of completely capitulating to science. In their zeal for a religion which does not conflict with fact and which is sufficiently simple and universal to satisfy the needs of millions of different individuals, they neglect the function and impoverish the operation of the religious imagination. They deprive it of the power to perform its ancient and specific office of regenerating and interpreting human life. At bottom both the Liberal and the Fundamentalist suffer from over-intellectualism. They attach an exaggerated importance from the religious point of view to assertions whose truth can be tested only by scientific method. They suffer, consequently, from the necessity of dragging along behind them the heavy apologetic artillery which the defense of a body of scientific Christian truth demands.

Mr. Mecklin admits, to be sure, the existence for ordinary sincere Christians of a serious dilemma. They find themselves forced to choose between two evils—subservience to dogma with its dubious supernatural and authoritarian associations on the ground that dogma is necessary to vital conviction, and a repudiation of dogma as at best a useful fiction with the result of throwing out the conviction with its historic formulations. But Mr. Mecklin considers this dilemma superficial. It will disappear as soon as science and religion are emancipated from the mutual responsibilities and constraints which their intimate past association has imposed upon them. Religious experience takes precedence over science in its immediacy, intensity and its power of commanding conviction. Science takes precedence over religion in the facility and in the assurance with which it can reach trustworthy descriptions of objective processes. Each activity functions profitably only within the limits of its own sphere, and any confusion between them is injurious to the successful operation of both the scientific and the religious imaginations.

Mr. Mecklin's theory of the relation between science and religion suffers from one obvious drawback. It results in a divided world, in which the comfortable and edifying fictions of religion compensate humanity for the harsh realities of actual life. Religion from his point of view has no contribution to make to science, philosophy and secular life. Neither has it any future as a source of social control, which is "becoming more and more a question of the accumulation of a body of exact knowledge which is wisely and efficiently applied to social problems." Since the rise of modern culture the state, business, science, education and art have all emancipated themselves from the control of religion. The kingdom of religion is not of this world. The symbols of the religious imagination "form a super-world in which the wrongs of this life are righted, the hideous failures made good and the shattered hopes realized." He tries feebly and spasmodically to escape from this dualism, which in a different form has pervaded the thinking of the evangelical Protestant sects. He discovers in the modernism of Father Tyrrell, for instance, an intuitive spiritual synthesis which transcends the breach between scientific and religious truth and provides a way of reconciling fact and fiction, religious symbol and scientific reality. But he does not dwell much upon the need of a synthesis and he distinctly underemphasizes its importance both for science and for religion. The only kind of integration in which he takes stock is essentially miraculous in that it is unique, intransitive and would be perverted by the application to it of scientific method or categories.

Mr. Wieman's argument begins somewhere near the point at which Mr. Mecklin's ends. Like Mr. Mecklin he sharply distinguishes between scientific and religious truth. He considers that scientific method and religious experience are the most extreme expressions of a duality which runs all through human living—the duality of efficiency versus appreciation or adaptation versus creativity. The effective coördination of impersonal association contrasts with the creative self-expression of the personal group. Above all, the most rigorous constraint of impulse which we find in scientific method is opposed by that most complete expression of individuality which we find in love and religion. But his very emphasis of the distinction between the two types of activity makes him the more desirous of integrating them. Indeed, from Mr. Wieman's point of view, they become capable of integration only as the result of being properly distinguished.

It is precisely because scientific method is different from religious experience that the two activities are in need of coöperation and are impoverished without it. Science is not occupied with the whole of reality. The scientific investigator isolates certain portions of the world and deals with them to the exclusion of everything else. A given event may have an infinite number of different objects as ingredients in it, according as it is described in one set of terms or another; and these several descriptions may all be scientifically valid. But an infinitely large number of scientific descriptions put together would not and could not bring to light all the objects that inhere in most events. The knowledge of reality which is reached by science is fatally limited and a science whose pursuers were aware of its limitations would seek in religion a means of repairing its own deficiencies.

Scientific method and religious experience possess a common meeting ground in individual consciousness, but science is only occupied with the selection of certain particular and refined data out of the stream of individual consciousness while religion is concerned with the utmost concrete fullness of experience. The essence of religion from Mr. Wieman's point of view is that it seeks insight into

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the truth of a total event by the route of immediate sense awareness. He devotes one of the most interesting and original chapters in his book to an explanation of the desirability of being immediately aware of total events in the interest of increasing religious insight. Our ordinary apprehension of events is confined to the narrowest limits by traditional ideas and habits which restrict our attention to preoccupation with a few scattered objects in space and time—objects which the biological past of our species and the cultural history of our nation and people have forced us to observe. The coming of a really religious experience to the individual wakes him up out of this torpor. It increases the scope and continuity of his ability to be aware, and this ability to be aware is the rudimentary form of a psychological activity which may culminate in mystical religious insight. The activity can be cultivated. People who happen to be in love or who are engaged in creative work engage in it, but the individual's ability to be aware becomes most poignant and most comprehensive in religious experience. As a consequence of the increased awareness which comes as the result of love or of æsthetic creation, the individual becomes receptive of a wealth of experience far greater than that of ordinary life. The contents of both of these experiences are, however, restricted by the particular interest which prompted the individual to pursue them. The exclusion of incompatible elements is just as important as the inclusion of compatible elements. On the other hand religious experience is not confined by specific interests and objects. Whatever discriminated content it contains, it must also be rich in undiscriminated content.

The awareness, which according to Mr. Wieman constitutes the germ of religious experience, must not be identified with any specific psychological function. While entirely compatible with emotional intensity, it is not a matter of emotion and may exist in states of consciousness which are devoid of feeling. There is an obvious distinction between the data of experience and the emotional response to those data; and this distinction is not affected by the substitution of the discrete data of ordinary perception for the continuous flow of æsthetic or mystical experience. Neither is the kind of awareness which Mr. Wieman has in mind an intellectual process. There may be some discrimination contained in the awareness, but those who are aware in this sense are not occupied in inferring consequences from their experiences. Indeed, it is not even an activity if by activities we mean a motion or a commotion that is determined by a purpose or is intended to produce a result. It is rather the inspector-general of all the activities of the organism.

Precisely because this awareness is not a matter of affirmative or negative feeling, specific meaning or purposive action, it keeps the door open for the entrance into experience of goods which the individual may need for his own fulfillment, but which are as yet unattained and even undiscerned. Our sense organs are capable of revealing to us far more than we have thus far learned to interpret, identify, recognize or in any way appreciate. Besides the external senses which themselves deliver to our apperception immeasurably more data of experience than we are educated to assimilate, there are the glands and the muscles and the organic sensations, all of which can be brought increasingly within the area of consciousness to the great advantage both of the scope and intensity of individual experience. Worship means the surrender of our attention to this mass of experience from all sources. By worship in this sense of indefatigable awareness, we go back, as it were, to the origin and the essence of life before the paths of selection and interpretation diverge.

What religion does for science is to furnish to the inquisitive spirit which is seeking truth about the world this unique kind of experience. Science itself is merely an extension of the old common sense method of trial and error which disciplined the wayward impulses of man and helped him to form habits which adapted him more efficiently to this environment. But neither scientific method nor the kind of knowledge which is achieved by it is capable of awakening human impulses to a freer, fuller and more harmonious expression. The advance of science itself depends upon the fulfillment of undeveloped possibilities in human nature which science alone is incapable of releasing. Provident and eager human beings can easily and freely provide themselves with the raw material of fresh experience, but they cannot level the barriers which the discipline of experience erects against the unfolding of their own potentialities save by cultivating a continuity, elasticity and inclusiveness of consciousness which can only come from religious worship.

But if human beings need to supplement the insight into the disciplined but partial reality which they obtain from science by the cultivation of religious awareness, it is no less true that religious worship itself is certain to go astray in the attempt to realize or communicate what it has gained without the corrective aid of science. One of the data of religious experience is, for instance, a sense of the existence of God. Without such a sense religious reality simply does not exist for the individual. This personal experience of God is intuitive and indispensable in itself, but it is not sufficient for the purposes of human life. It cannot reveal any knowledge of God unless it is correctly and exhaustively interpreted, and for such an interpretation human beings must depend upon the only method which they possess for detecting error and revealing truth. Religion needs science in order to deliver itself from sentimentality and from the uncritical acceptance of tradition. The only trustworthy knowledge of God is derived from a kind of contemplation which includes and combines the results of mystical experience and scientific method.

In this book Mr. Wieman has, I think, indicated the kind of adjustment which the ministers of religion must recognize as salutary if religion is to recover its prestige for a society whose behavior is molded by the achievements of naturalistic science. Science thrives as compared to religion because it consists, not of an accumulated treasure which must be protected, but of an activity directed and tempered by method. The religious life, also, can only grow by subordinating institutions and dogmas to an activity which is no less methodical. This activity consists primarily in the practice by the individual of an indefatigable, continuous and comprehensive process of awareness. Mr. Wieman identifies this awareness with religious worship and evidently anticipates that the systematic practice of it may start the individual on the road to self-regeneration. He may be right. The religious life assuredly needs for its fulfillment a method of its own, and the required method can only consist in some constructive extension of individual consciousness which is not subject to the limitations of ordinary emotion or thought. But the idea of a method as an essential agent of religious growth needs more exploration and development than Mr. Wieman supplies and the method itself needs to be jus-

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tified not by exposition and explanation, but by an experimental technique. The method of being aware, as Mr. Wieman explains it, is capable of two interpretations. It may constitute the means whereby the individual organism increases and deepens its contacts with its total environment, in which case it would be equivalent to a moral preparation for the re-absorption of the individual into an actual cosmic process. Or it may be the means whereby the possible regenerate soul within the individual organism emancipates itself from its bondage to its environment by virtue of an increasing self-knowledge, in which case it would try to observe primarily not the contacts of the organism with its surroundings, but the behavior of the organism itself. The disciplinary awareness would on this interpretation be equivalent to a consciousness by the individual of its organic behavior which would emancipate the increasingly self-conscious self from bondage to its habits and prepare it for the unfolding of its own undeveloped possibilities. There is a vast difference between these two possible interpretations of systematic awareness as a method of religious worship, and Mr. Wieman does not sufficiently discriminate between them. It is to be hoped that he will on some future occasion explain more in detail the psychological process whereby his proposed religious method operates.

H. C.

Deep Sea Plunderings

Vignettes of the Sea, by Felix Riesenberg. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 334 pages. $3.

The Lure of the Sea. Edited by F. H. Lee. Boston: Little Brown and Company. 243 pages. $2.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY writes the long-promised preface to Captain Riesenberg's collection of short pieces justly entitled Vignettes, and it is not surprising to discover the preface much more nautical in its phrasing than the book. It is an exuberant and excellent benediction. When one goes down to the pier to see a friend off on a voyage, there is no harm in waving a frantic arm and possibly permitting the tears of affection to stain one's face.

"Why is it the amateur sailor often waxes so hot with admiration for the sea?" Captain Riesenberg tactlessly demands on page 90. And he proceeds to quote, with delicious naïveté, a naval captain's sardonic comment that "Man is always subnormal aboard ship." If Captain Riesenberg knows his own countrymen he is aware that amateur sailors, newspapermen, authors, artists, bankers and society people, to name merely a few classes, are hot with admiration for the sea in general and American seamen in particular—until they have occasion to go to Europe, Asia, South America or the West Indies, whereupon they take passage in some very large British mail steamer. This is not anti-Americanism, but human nature. Going to sea strikes amateurs and sedentary folk as a romantic, poetical sort of life, and they tender it the only homage of which they have any command—admiring phrases. But for themselves they prefer a fast, comfortable, floating hotel, just as they prefer straight-eight motor cars and Pullman drawing rooms on shore. The sea has no hold upon American life because, in Joseph Conrad's exact and perfect phrase, men and the sea do not interpenetrate, as they do in England and other maritime countries. There is no permeation of the general public by a professional seafaring class. This present reviewer has always imagined a certain symbolical significance behind the difference between two souvenirs of his sea-life. One is his British Certificate of Competency, bearing the Royal Arms and issued "By the Lords of the Committee for Privy Council for Trade." The other is his "license" to ply on any ocean in the American Mercantile Marine, a document resembling in typography and design the liquor-license at one time decorating the corner saloon. If memory serves, Captain Riesenberg has himself animadverted upon the unloveliness of American sea-going certificates. The point of this digression is that nobody cares. The officer of a ship is, in the mind of the public, a sort of superior chauffeur. He gets almost as high a salary as is earned by Japanese chauffeurs on country estates.

There is one point raised in Christopher Morley's preface which a mercenary in the army of letters may dispute with justice, and that is the slur cast upon the professional "writer." Felix Riesenberg's name is not mentioned much in the literary prints because he is not, in the true professional sense of the word, a literary man. This is an important detail. It would be highly undesirable if the notion got abroad in America that lawyers could be accepted as reliable shipmasters, and that bootleggers for example were competent to act as naval gunners. To write short stories and novels is just as special an enterprise as navigation or ballistics. And to be ignored by the literary prints may in time become a guarantee of competence in the story-telling art.

Vignettes of the Sea is a mine of good-humored reminiscences of a life spent largely in the American Mercantile Marine. For a number of years the author was in command of the Schoolship Newport. Later he edited various technical journals and has written Standard Seamanship. Always he has had the energy, the enthusiasm and the talent to turn aside from his multifarious occupations to write an article, tell a story or help an unlucky brother-of-the-craft to get a job. Some of these sketches have the germs of remarkable short stories in their texture. And the chapters on seafaring as a profession are commended to parents who write in to this reviewer for advice as to their sons' careers.

Lure of the Sea is a composite volume whose contributors range from Charles Dibdin and Samuel Taylor Coleridge to H. M. Tomlinson and Captain David Bone. Both prose and verse are included. One reader at least is grateful for the extract from David Copperfield describing the storm at Yarmouth. Dickens was not a sea-writer. He was a writer. He could describe nothing without enveloping it in his own glamor. The selection in this book marks him, moreover, as a trained reporter. Everything is there and it is transmuted by art into imperishable prose.

It is gratifying also to see Mr. C. Ernest Fayle getting into an anthology. His masterly volume on Seaborne Trade in the History of the Great War is memorable not only for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, but for the lucidity and beauty of the style.

It is quite possible, as is hinted on the jacket of The Lure of the Sea, that there is room for an anthology of sea-pieces suitable for reading aloud. Particular attention is directed to Basil Lubbock's Off the Horn, an account of his voyage from Alaska to England in the Royalshire. It has induced this reader to make inquiries for Mr. Lubbock's books. It is a plain tale he has to tell, without any of Melville's embroidery of language. This is not to disparage Melville, who had an ornate symbolism to handle,

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and the urge of titanic conceptions. Mr. Lubbock's story of rounding the Horn is the sort of thing young collegemen often do marvelously well. Dana, it must be remembered, was a young college-man. Compare his account of the same experience with this of Basil Lubbock sixty years later.

Of course this "lure" of the sea is somewhat overemphasized, especially in the verse quoted from Masefield and Kipling. There is not much lure in the sea for a man who is only eager to get away from one job to try another. The real lure consists of a profound interest in one's work regardless of its financial aspect. One of the most significant features of modern education in America is the rarity of a conscious vocation. It is a thankless task to dissipate a superstition, but it must be done. A talent for seafaring must never be confused with an adventurous or discontented disposition.

Ne'er-do-wells go to sea, but they do not remain. The qualities which are required in all departments of a ship are vigilance and dependability. In the many letters received from young Americans wishful to go to sea, these qualities are not considered at all. The whole business appears to be part of the modern philosophy of "escape." There is no "escape" at sea. So long as ships sail out into deep water we must have vigilant and dependable men, no matter what the propulsive power. And the man who hates his job had better quit, because for him there is no known "lure of the sea" to gild the drudgery.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

The Aftermath of War

A History of the United States since the Civil War, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. (In Five Volumes), Vol. III—1872-1878. New York: The Macmillan Company. 499 pages. $4.

The Dreadful Decade, by Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 312 pages. $3.50.

THESE spacious volumes would seem from their dates to cover the same period. In fact, they supplement each other. Mr. Seitz devotes most of his pages to the earlier years of his decade, passes in rapid review the events of Grant's second administration, deals summarily with the Hayes-Tilden election, and rings down his curtain on 1876. At first sight he would seem to have all the best of it as far as popular material is concerned, with the Fisk-Gould speculations in Erie and gold, the exposure of the Tweed Ring, the Credit Mobilier, and the Beecher-Tilton scandal. Mr. Oberholtzer shares with Mr. Seitz the Whiskey Ring and the army post steals, Horace Greeley, the Virginius affair and Custer's last fight. Mr. Seitz's book is an obvious effort of popularization. It makes effective journalistic use of documents such as Oakes Ames's letters about the distribution of stock to his fellow Congressmen or Henry Ward Beecher's confession, and of contemporary newspaper articles. It should, however, serve to send readers to Doctor Oberholtzer's earlier volumes. The detailed, impartial and carefully documented narrative of the latter is in the end more interesting than a brilliant summary. The story of the extraordinary fluke by which the Liberals nominated Greeley in 1872 or of the concatenated circumstances by which Hayes became President in 1876 has for the politically minded the excitement of a drama of intrigue; and the casual reader will find more thrills in the precise description of the way the Whiskey Ring worked and the trial of Grant's private secretary for complicity therewith, than in the mere announcement that "the ring hitched up with General O. E. Babcock, President Grant's secretary, who received in cash, according to McDonald, thirty thousand dollars besides numerous costly presents."

One aspect of these records of the seventies is their bearing on Macaulay's definition of history as philosophy teaching by examples. The comparison between the decade which they set forth and our own affords ample evidence as to the value of history as a teacher and the capacity of a democracy to learn. The two periods are alike in that each succeeded a great war which had shaken the political, industrial and social forces of the country out of their normal alignment. In both periods the word reconstruction was much in men's mouths. It is true, the task envisaged under this name after the Civil War was a more critical and momentous undertaking, so far as the restoration of the country was concerned, than that which confronted the United States in the nineteen-twenties. The inflation of the Civil War epoch was greater in proportion to the available resources of the country and ran a longer and more disastrous course. After the World War deflation was accomplished by a highly organized financial power with drastic rapidity, but at the expense of the same classes and sections. There is a certain parallel between the hopes aroused by the emancipation of the Negroes during the earlier struggle, and the promises to labor in the later one, commemorated by a section of the Covenant of the League of Nations. In both cases social and class antagonism fed on the passions excited by the recent conflict. The bloody massacres at Vicksburg and Colfax find their parallel in Centralia. In both periods the national government made unscrupulous use of its war powers. Grant's proceedings in Louisiana were characterized by the Nation as "the most outrageous subversion of parliamentary government by military force yet attempted in this country"; by the Philadelphia Inquirer as "the grossest and most notable wrong ever committed against the rights and liberties of a people" —language which, aside from its superlatives, reminds one of the arraignment of Palmer's Department of Justice by a committee of leading lawyers. Naturally in view of the intimate and fratricidal nature of the Civil War, hostility between the antagonists died down more slowly than after the war with Germany; and political profiteering led to its violent resurgence ten years after the peace of Appomattox. Few responsible leaders today care to have their utterances about Germany and the Germans recalled —it is understood to be in bad taste to quote them. The regrettable fact is, however, that these utterances have a close resemblance to those of their forebears after the Civil War. Atrocity stories indeed have gained enormously in gruesome detail over those of the Civil War, and hatred systematically taught by statesmen and newspapers remains a malignant factor in the healing wound.

The chief impression made by these histories of the seventies is the appalling mass of scandal which they contain. Corruption stalked then as always in the wake of war. The war frauds of the sixties were of course as nothing in amount compared with those of the late War, with its fantastic contracts for supplies, its air service, its shipping board, its alien property custodians. But the habit of exploitation of the public treasury for private gain persisted in both periods under almost literally the same conditions. In each case the first post-war administration was headed by a man whose feeling in such matters was

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not fine, and whose social side was overdeveloped in certain directions. Grant and Harding both loved their friends more than they knew how to love their country. In their administrations corruption made its intimate home in the White House. Belknap, Grant's Secretary of War, Babcock, his private secretary and McDonald, his intimate friend over the bottle, are the pale ghosts which come to life again in Fall, Daugherty and Forbes. In one respect the times of President Grant hold the palm over our own—Belknap was tried by the Senate on impeachment proceedings, Babcock was tried by a court of justice, and McDonald was sent to prison. The operations of Grant's Whiskey Ring were the peccadilloes of children compared with the magnificent proceedings in that direction today, and excite the smile of derision which we reserve for the piker—but at least there was a Secretary of the Treasury who lost his job rather than connive at them.

In the seventies as in our own day the Liberals had before them their historic task of cleaning up the mess after a war.

> The "Liberals" were Western men and they had several ideas which they would engraft upon the national polity. First of all they were in favor of amnesty, in letting by-gones be by-gones on the subject of the war, in so far as the result might be attainable. They were opposed to movements which meant further extension and centralization of federal power . . . They were stout advocates of "civil service reform" to correct the atrocious abuses seen South, North and West in official life. They saw oppression and wrong in the high tariff laws and they demanded lower rates, a cause which had come to be known as "revenue reform."

This description of the Liberals of 1872, so far as it goes, identifies the Liberals of 1924. In detail the historical parallel breaks down, but the leading motif is the same—failure. There is a tragic note in Doctor Oberholtzer's imperturbable style as he tells the story of the gatherings of the idealists in 1872, their stern resolution at the close of Grant's first term that "it must never happen again," the high hopes of the country which followed them to Cincinnati and the incredible mixture of trickery and naïveté which turned convention and campaign into a farce led by Horace Greeley. In the unavailability of the candidate, the scandal of the New York Custom House was as completely forgotten as was Teapot Dome.

The Liberals came into their own in a measure through a candidate elected, or rather forced into office, by the Radicals. Nowhere does Doctor Oberholtzer show his eminent qualities as impartial historian more conclusively than in his account of the intricate web of circumstances and events which decided the disputed election. True, he does not reverse the judgment of history in this regard. The mind of the world has long been made up that the case was decided on party lines, and that Justice Bradley, to whom fell the deciding vote, was as partisan as his Republican colleagues. It is open to realists to argue that he acted the part of wisdom from the public as well as his own point of view. A Democrat placed in office by the vote of a Republican judge would have placed a strain on our political machinery something like that caused by the election of Lincoln. In regard to Hayes's personality and conduct Doctor Oberholtzer shows himself particularly discriminating. Coming to office with a clouded title, distrusted by the aggressive faction of his own party, he was marked for unpopularity from the start. His action in declaring at the outset that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for a second term, undoubtedly weakened his hold on his party. It is true other Presidents have made the same declaration, but in Hayes's case it was generally believed. His policy of treating the late enemy with common sense and humanity, granting amnesty and restoring local self-government and civil rights easily lent itself to misrepresentation and even charges of disloyalty—of the kind familiar enough today. But if Hayes's administration lacked spectacular quality it merits an encomium rare enough in our political history. It left the country better than it found it.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

How the Other Half Sings

After the Ball, Forty Years of Melody, by Charles K. Harris. New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. 376 pages. $4.

TO roast or to guy a book like this by Mr. Charles K. Harris would be too easy. It belongs in the class of Marie Dressler's book about herself and the memoirs of Mr. George M. Cohan: and the vulgarity and conceptions are too simple and naïve to make the game worth playing or even fair. It would be lacking in humor or proportion to be sharp where the mass is so soft, and unkind to be caustic where there is so much of a temper that, though it comes from success and getting what you want and doubtless depends upon it—is nevertheless unceasingly, almost professionally, good-natured and good-hearted.

It would be obvious and flat to ridicule this autobiography, which goes on using a title that has succeeded in song and then in the movies and now engages us for a book—After the Ball. But it is worth while setting down some notes about Mr. Harris's book, partly because there are so many people who have no idea of the world that appears in this history, though it is the world that the large theatre lives in for the most part, the world from which an actor or producer emerging even to the point of reading a play of Ibsen's becomes a highbrow; and partly because it will be news to many people to learn what is taken seriously as poetry, art and song by this wide public that Mr. Harris records.

Mr. Charles K. Harris is the author of many songs, easily more than a hundred, of which the most famous is After the Ball, a ballad that swept the country in the nineties, and at the time of the Chicago World's Fair broke the lyric records of a great exposition. Among the other songs by Mr. Harris come

> Always in the Way.
> Break the News to Mother.
> Better Than Gold.
> Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven.
> 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia.
> Just Behind the Times.
> What Does the Flower Say?
> You Never Spoke to Me Like That Before.
> Baby's Eyes.
> All I Want Is a Cottage, Some Roses and You.
> Sitting by the Kitchen Door.
> Will I Find My Mamma There?
> No One Else Can Take Your Place.
> Climb a Tree With Me.

He began his life with a banjo. Very early in Saginaw he took up this banjo music, playing by charts and ear

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and never by note; in fact, he has never to this day learned to read music, a knowledge he regards—and his success proves it—as not essential to a composer, who can for five or ten dollars have an "arranger" do the song into shape for him. He began, then, on the banjo, and from that went on into playing at parties and then to writing songs; and his success came early. He was somewhere around twenty when After the Ball was written and the overpowering triumph of it snowed money on him for months at the rate of $1,000 a day and more; till at length, with the passing of golden years and more song hits, he stood out as one of the lights of Milwaukee—where he now lived—eagerly sought after by tourists and travelers on Pullman cars and chosen by the mayor to head the committee that was to receive Prince Henry, the brother of the Kaiser, when he came to visit America.

Mr. Harris sets out quite simply his theory of his art. Once, in Chicago, soon after his first success, Mr. Henderson of the Ali Baba production, was asking him for some songs. "I turned to him," Mr. Harris writes, "and asked what the leading topics were.

"He said, 'Well, our river is in bad shape; it smells to heaven. Our street cars are all run down. Our police department is in bad shape.'

"I immediately wrote lyrics around each topic Henderson had mentioned, while he eyed me in amazement.

"'Mr. Henderson,' said I, 'the trick of the song business is this: Fit your songs to the situation; also write songs that appeal to the imagination as well as point a moral.'" He adds that you must give it a good popular tune, something that can be whistled, and success is sure.

Fit your song to a situation then, punch it strong, and get the song launched by a good performer, the better known the better. So time went on for Mr. Harris, with more and more hits—the book records only a roseate life, set off by suspense and trouble now and then—and it came about that he was chosen to write Patti's farewell song, for which she embraced him and by which he was reminded of an old resolution of his: "Never to write a song about any calamity, since no song of that character has ever made a hit." And during these years in song after song he wrote many verses like these from Better Than Gold:

> The conductor passing through the train
> Stopped in the smoking car.
> He had grown quite interested
> In the story told so far.
> "Please excuse my interruption,
> But I listened with delight
> To your wishes, both of them so good and true.
> Yet there is a wish that's dearer,
> Better far than glittering gold,
> Though a simple one perhaps you all will say——

This is too long to quote, but turns out to be a wish to enjoy his family life. Meanwhile Mr. Harris has not only been a writer of lyrics, but has extended the song business into writing for the movies, making scenarios around the situations in his songs; and at fifty-eight is as highly successful as ever, with a creed as naïve and self-complacent, as simple and bona fide as in the days when he first knew the great artists he talks about, "Maude Raymond, Julia Mackay, Levi the celebrated cornetist and the Manhattan Comedy Four."

This autobiography is the record of a talent and industry busily exercised for forty years in the "song writing business." Mr. Harris has to his credit numerous innovations in vaudeville effects such as colored slides to accompany the songs, an artistic effect now superseded, as he says, by the moving pictures. He must be credited, too, with an undoubted popular melodic gift and a very sparkling financial success, great enough to make him feel at home with Mr. Armour and other famous financiers. And finally he has a kind heart and a foolish, pleasant head full of egotism and harmless brag. None of this is to be despised.

But we may wonder if ever before in history there has been so perfect a state of things for such a career and especially for such a book. The terms are simple, as simple as his concluding points of advice on writing songs that will go over and pay—or his buying himself a full set of diamonds to help his business, cuff-links, studs, ring, pin and so on. It was not love of money that led this writer on, not money, but the dream of success in the terms understood by the society around him. That success supports him now in writing this book, and there is nothing in this society of ours, nothing definite or authoritative, to show him his place.

S. Y.

The Ladies!

Women: an Inquiry, by Willa Muir. New York: Albert A. Knopf. 76 pages. $1.

IN a vigorous and closely-written essay Mrs. Muir upholds the theory of a fundamental psychological difference between the sexes, attributing intellectual formalism almost exclusively to the male mind and extolling the elementary emotionalism of the woman of Ellen Key's ideals. Consistent in rating intuitive knowledge above rational processes of thought—in social concepts as in other ideas, she looks forward to a future in which social and political ideals will be "vitalized" by feminine influence, distinctly stated to be "not rational, but emotional" and personal, and assures the reader that any confusion resulting "will be only the rich confusion of life itself"! Opinions may vary as to the value of such leaven in the legislative lump—not even today completely devoid of emotional character—but Mrs. Muir's method of presenting her case is (paradoxically!) logical, at once able writing and provocative reading.

My New York, by Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company. 276 pages. $2.50.

Growing Up with a City, by Louise deKoven Bowen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 226 pages. $2.50.

COMPARISON of the two books here reviewed offers well-nigh irresistible temptation to generalizing from single instances—although in the case of Mrs. Wright's New York the conclusion would differ widely from that city's current reputation. Hers is the New York of the Age of Innocence, and the childhood and girlhood she describes are such as gentlewomen at that time were living in a hundred cities in Old and New England and along our own Atlantic coast. The personal note predominates in these memoirs—wistful, humorous and tender recollections of a carefully-sheltered girlhood, related with a somewhat sentimental vivacity. The Osgood daughters are Little Women in New York—a New York that con-

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trasts amusingly and charmingly with that of today, but affords no special distinction of local character or color.

Mrs. Bowen's book is more a social document than a personal record—although the first chapters deal with personal aspects of the city's early history—the pioneer conditions faced by her grandparents, the phenomenal growth of prosperity, and highly diverting incidents in social competitive armament among the First Few Families. Her own childhood and youth are suggested rather than revealed by a piquant series of anecdotes related with dry gusto, and summed up by the vigorous statement: "By the time I made my entry into society I was ignorant in everything and accomplished in nothing." The Fashionable Career described with crisp and pungent humor was of very brief duration in Mrs. Bowen's interest. From this chapter on the record is of ever widening scope in social activities—through the church and hospital work that were the recognized "sphere" of charitably executive women of the eighties and nineties, to the organization of the United Charities, the founding of Hull House, the establishment of the Juvenile Protective Association and Juvenile Court, the Womans' City Club, organized war work and the fight for suffrage. The last chapter, Women in Public Affairs, testifies to the unfailing public spirit and energy with which Chicago's women have contributed to the improvement of the city's conditions. Since the catchphrase originated Chicago has made more than "culture" hum—and our New York may well greet the record of this pioneer in good works with faintly envious applause.

Some American Ladies, by Meade Minnigerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 387 pages. $3.50.

IN his familiar conversational tone, enlivened by characteristic mannerisms, Mr. Minnigerode tells us the inside story of some ladies of his early American aquaintance. He gives us romance in the ironic tragedy of Rachel Jackson and the devotion of her husband—that dogged Democrat, rabid in his rages, furious in his loyalties. The fantastic is revealed in the amazing history of Peggy Eaton's disruption of Washington, political as well as social, under the Jackson régime—the Homeric conflict waged by the conqueror of New Orleans and Florida against the embattled prudes of the capital—a drawn issue until the dismissal of an entire Cabinet overwhelmed the Amazons! We are shown great helpmates in Abigail Adams and Dolly Madison—employing all their gifts of tact, wit and most uncommon sense to counteract the infelicities of their husbands' social tactics. And Martha Washington—rather drearily dignified as the revered substitute for Sally Fairfax, whom "the General" loved all his life. Elizabeth Monroe and Louisa Adams are studies in genteel futility opposed to the rigors of official life—an existence which might well strike terror to the soul of the delicate female in days when a diplomatic career meant travel under severe and often dangerous conditions, and life in Washington a killing round of state functions and visits.

As ever Mr. Minnigerode surrounds his characters with a "period" setting meticulous and often agreeably ridiculous in detail. His twentieth century appreciation of the ludicrous is applied refreshingly to every incongruity between the manners and customs, fashions and furnishings of the period he writes of and his own. The sardonic side of history as well as the personal appeals to him—and through him makes us realize how amusingly our own Lives and Times will read in a hundred years.

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Madame de Pompadour, by Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 220 pages. $3.50.

MARCELLE TINAYRE'S "study in temperament" is an admirable example of modern biographical method. It is at once a criticism of social ideals and a penetrating analysis of individual character—searching, subtle, frank and witty. Jeanne Antoinette Poisson is depicted as a person of vigorous intellectual potentialities driven by current standards of feminine success to devote all her energies to the acquisition of "accomplishments" and a strategic knowledge of the weak spots in masculine psychology. As the result of a fortune-teller's prediction the child was brought up with the avowed ambition of becoming the king's mistress, and trained for the career by a system as technical and comprehensive as that applied to the apprenticeship of high-class geisha in Japan or noble courtesans in Rome. A more completely demoralizing course of education could hardly be conceived, or considering the end to be arrived at, a more utter perversion of values—a grotesque and tragic distortion of aims, the wages of which could only be death to any spiritual perception. From years of a moral and physical servitude carried to the last degree of refinement, only the will to live—luxuriously if not powerfully—persisted, and the Pompadour succeeded in dying at court, content at having salvaged influential consideration out of the ruins of self-respect. The book is translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne with fine care for nuances of Gallic color and tone, and is as graceful and spirited a portrait of an exquisite courtier as was ever painted by Nattier himself.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Peter Pantheism, by Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: The Macmillan Company. 215 pages. $2.

THE most engaging of these bits of persiflage is entitled On the Trail of Charm and while admitting the objective to be reached, we do whimper mildly that it's a long, long trail and hard going a good deal of the way, with only occasional glimpses of the sparkling current of an idea. Placed end to end and reaching from cover to cover of a bound volume the unrelieved exuberances of our most cherished daily columnists would pall, and these occasionally delightful essays of Mr. Schauffler's recall the French critic's description of American architecture: "Columns! columns! columns!"

D. B. W.

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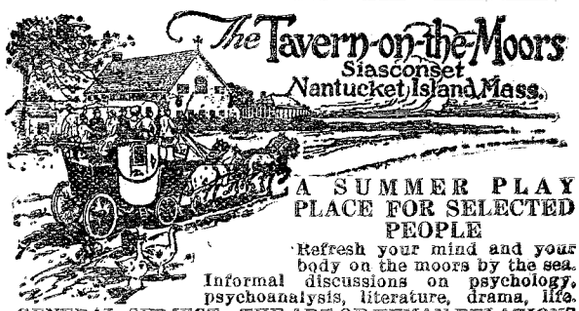

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